

SPY

**Conduct
Unbecoming
a Racist**
THE SECRET LIFE OF
DAVID DUKE

September 1991 Volume 5 Number 10

Hollywood's Next Big Thing?

BY DAVID HANDELMAN

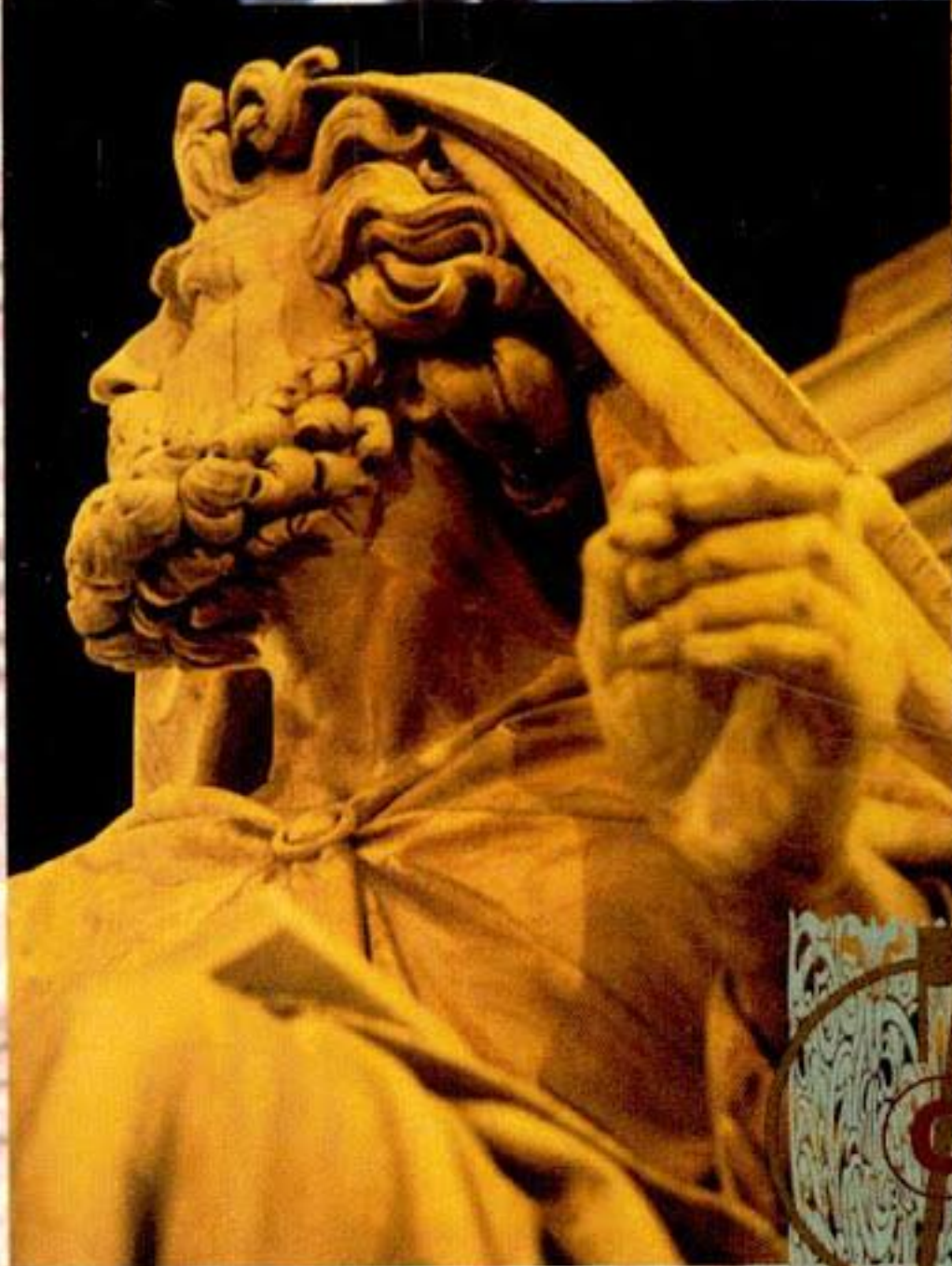
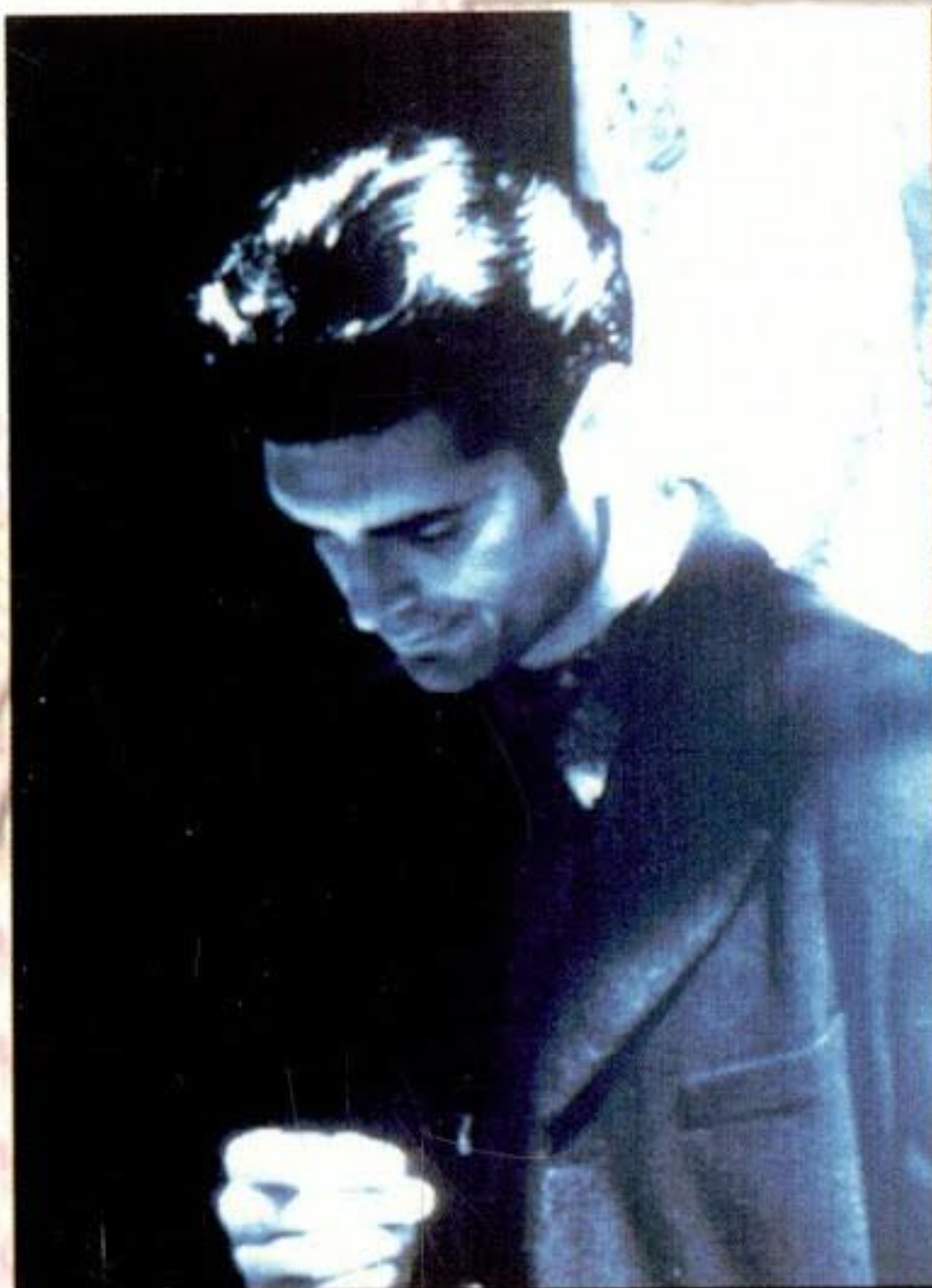
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Sex Shocker!

**L. Ron Hubbard
vs. Wall Street**
BY DEIRDRE FANNING



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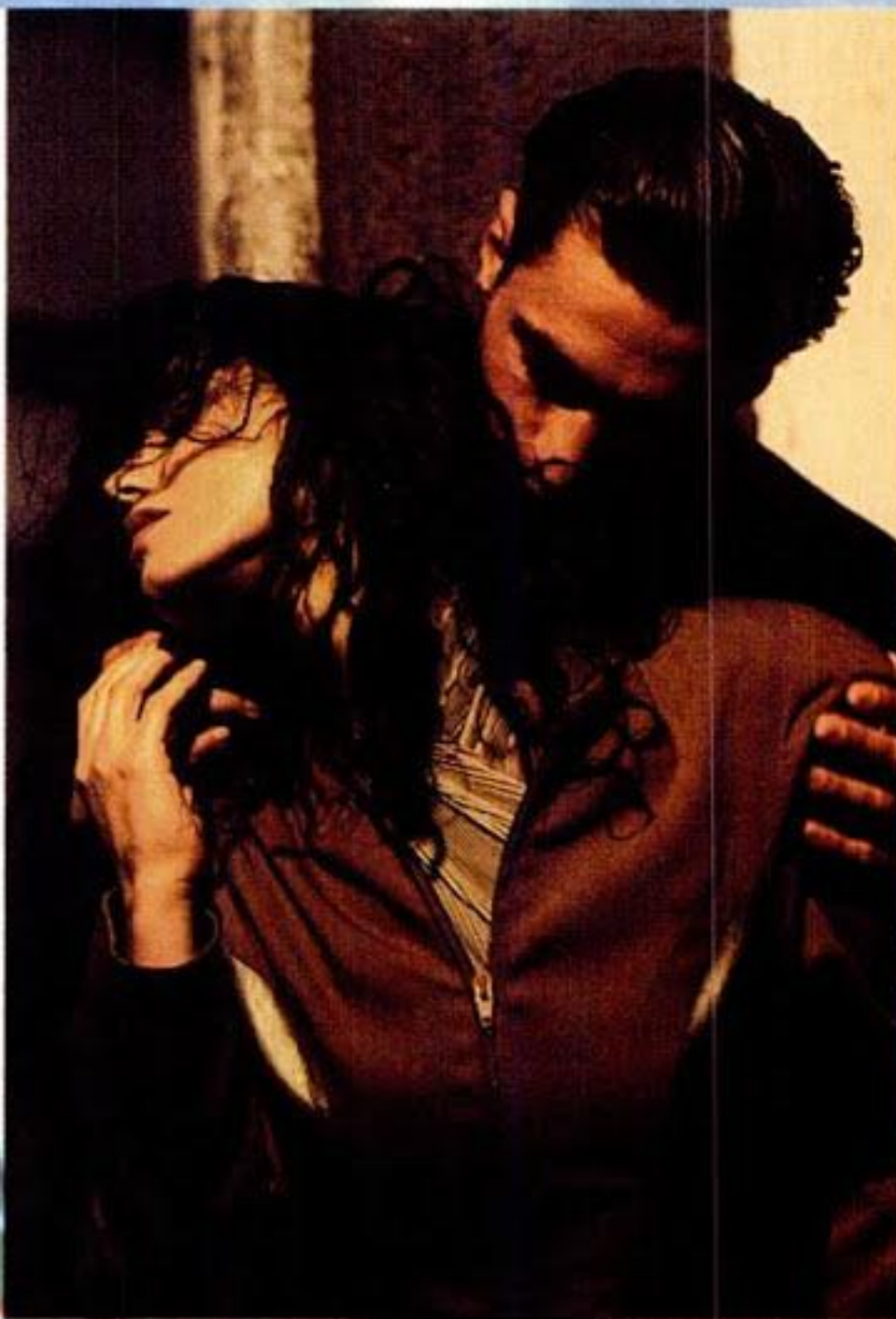
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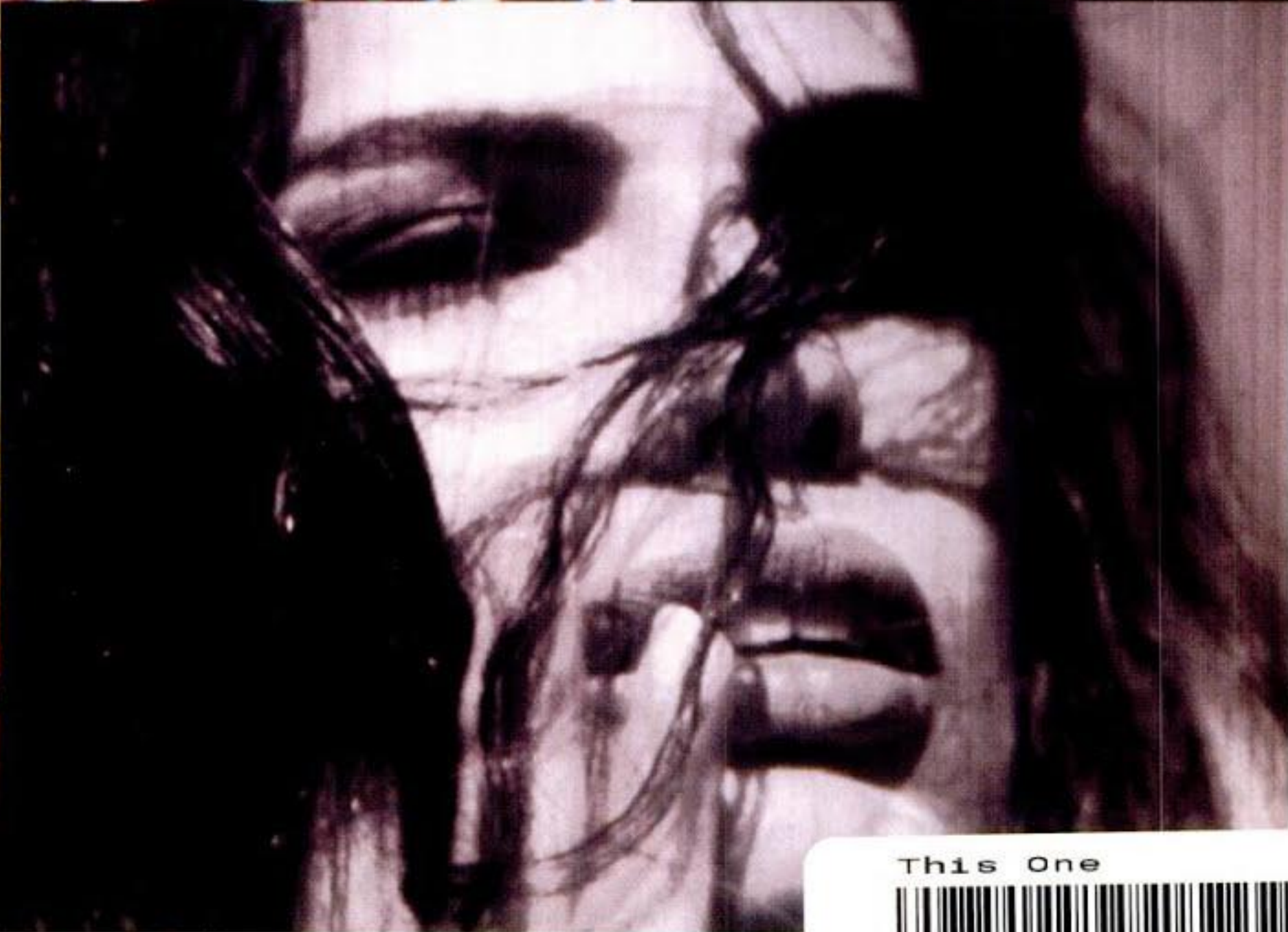
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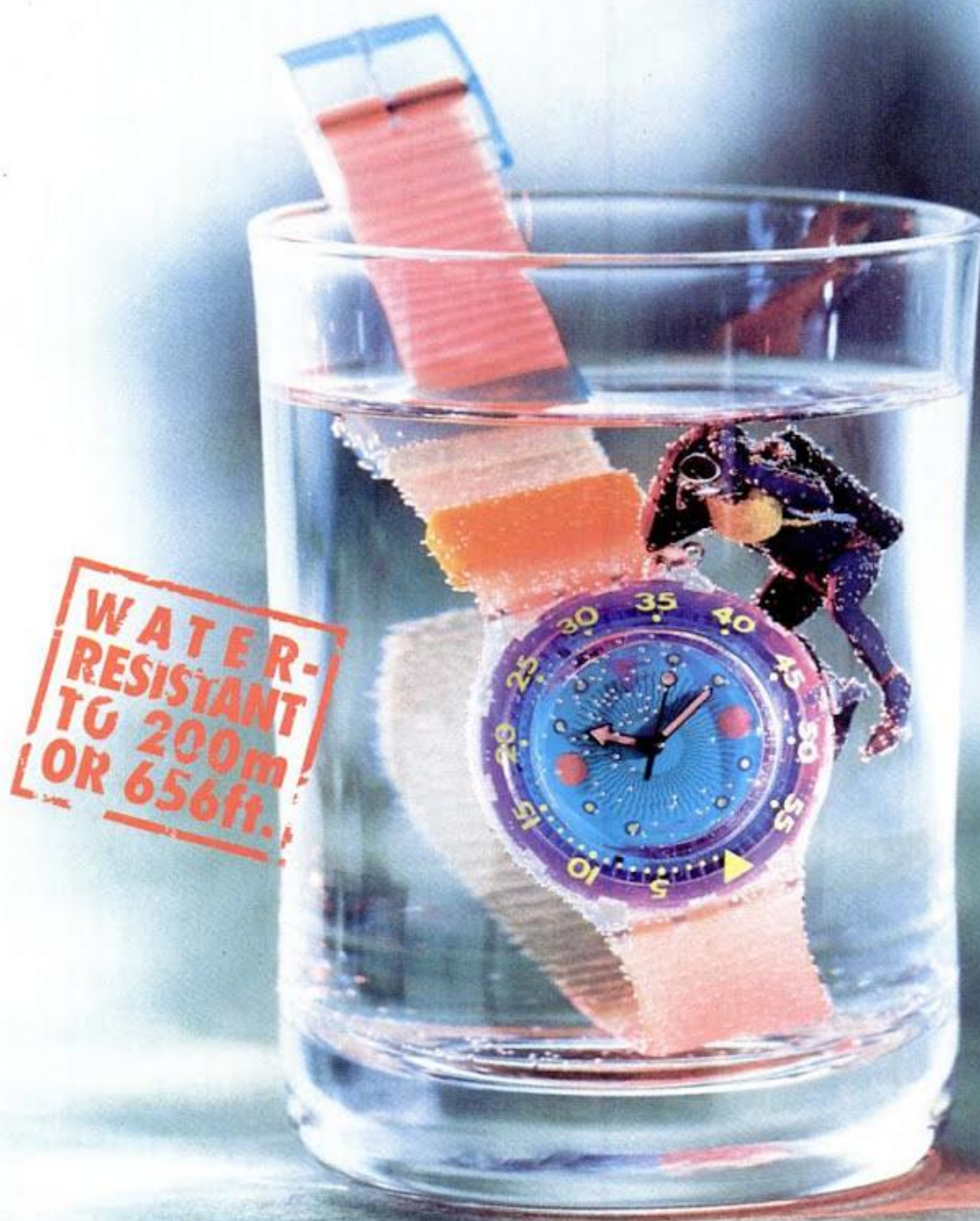
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Great Expectations



SHOCKINGLY, LABOR DAY WAS, NOT SO LONG AGO, JUST THAT—A COMMEMORATION OF LABOR, OF American working people. This was before the phrase *working people* acquired its modern connotation as a self-justifying synonym for *certain unpleasant Caucasians* (as in “The working people of this community won’t stand for it!”) to use against low-income-housing plans, shameless homosexuality or modern art. *Nowadays*, even among the no-longer-all-that-liberal elite, a bit of labor-bashing is almost obligatory: we all relish a good story about do-nothing Teamsters or \$150,000-a-year union videotape editors. And while nobody wants crummier streets or parks, or employees’ lives disrupted, is laying off 11,500 of New York’s 363,000 municipal workers really so catastrophic? These may be the last righteous union-

Shockingly, Labor Day

ists in America—they were *guaranteed* well-paying, air-conditioned, no-brainer jobs for life, damn it, and won’t stand for any breach of that covenant! Yet in our experience, the Parking Violations Bureau staff, for example—especially the overweight woman who works Thursday mornings at the Brooklyn towed-car depot—could actually *stand* a few layoffs.



But, of course, most nonunion workers are treated like scum. Full-scale class warfare would be inconvenient, but who among us wouldn’t enjoy a few violent worker uprisings—a show trial for the people who run McKinsey & Company, Larry Tisch’s head on a pike, IBM’s John Akers forced into Costa Rican exile? Or, more plausibly, Swifty Lazar, the Hollywood agent, behind bars? Motoring down his Beverly Hills driveway recently to make a lunch date at Le Dome, Swifty ran over his cook. “It was absurd,” he said later, “a slight matter, *a household thing*.” In Washington, highly placed people resort not so much to physical violence (though G. Gordon Liddy now says he once sought White House authorization to murder columnist Jack Anderson) as to public betrayal. Trying to shuck off blame for his free trips on corporate jets, John Sununu, the most hated man in D.C. since Liddy’s bosses Haldeman and Ehrlichman, said it wasn’t *his* fault, it was ab-



“They gang up on you. Hate dominates them.”—Texan Jesus Diaz, the first U.S. citizen to be stung by invading South American killer bees

surd, a slight matter, a White House thing—a screwup, he claimed, by his scheduler, a woman named Jackie Kennedy. (*Sununu* and *Kennedy* both contain two *n*'s and three vowels; Sununu and JFK both attended college in Cambridge, Massachusetts. JFK had just one son, named John. John Sununu...John, son, *uno*. Does Oliver Stone know all this?)

For most of the summer, President Bush—like a dog, almost unbearably loyal—declined to ask Sununu to resign, or to ask Dan Quayle to step aside in 1992, or to ask Gordon Liddy to liquidate his son Neil. Neil is to George almost exactly as Billy Carter was to Jimmy: Billy was the living caricature of the ne'er-do-well southern-red-neck schemer trading on his brother's stature; Neil, the living caricature of the ne'er-do-well WASP-twit schemer trading on Dad's. Unfortunately, Neil—who now has his own legal-defense fund organized by a former Republican congressman—isn't getting nearly the relentless press razzing that Billy got.

Where was the uproar, for instance, when the president's son was kicked out of a Denver tennis tournament this summer for cheating? The U.S. Tennis Association ranks Neil at 5.5, but he signed up to play in the 4.5 category. (It was, needless to say, absurd, a slight matter, a country-club thing.) Several weeks later, Neil started a new career as a TV sports marketer.

It seems that *all* prominent baby-boomer Republicans are, when pressed, assholes. Ohio congressman John Kasich, a 39-year-old Republican, chummed around with country singer Dwight Yoakam during a D.C. gig this summer with the Grateful Dead. When Kasich tried and failed to clamber onstage with the Dead—where are dangerously hopped-up Hell's Angels security cordons when you need them?—he

apparently turned abusive, threatening to have the band barred from Washington. "I don't *think* I was angry," Kasich said uncertainly to *The Washington Post*. Perhaps if he hadn't just attended a Dead concert, he'd have been composed enough to provide a more unequivocal sound bite—*It was absurd, a slight matter, a backstage thing.*

According to U.S. journalism reg-

ulations, of course, it takes *three* instances of a trend to prove its existence, and it helps if they're geographically disparate. We've got a D.C., a Denver—anything in, say, southern Cali-



fornia? At a Malibu party for George Bush given by the fishy movie producer Jerry Weintraub, Jon Bon Jovi was asked by a reporter if he was a Republican. "Yeah," the singer of "Bad Medicine" replied, "I'm main-

If love is blind,
why is lingerie
so popular?

stream." That's right, *the Bush-Kasich Principle works in reverse too*: all celebrated young assholes are, when pressed, Republicans.

With his appointment of Clarence Thomas, the divorced former pothead, Bush forged an extraordinary new coalition: Thomas is supported by Tawana Brawley's radical lawyer Vernon Mason *and* by Nazi/Klansman turned Republican David Duke. How hopeful, how 1990s—in one stroke we've achieved consensus between black racist lunatics and white racist lunatics.

Antonin Scalia—the stupidest current Supreme Court justice?—voted with the majority recently to uphold local bans on nude dancing. It wasn't a free-expression issue, he explained, since "nudity is *not* normally engaged in for the purpose of communicating an idea or emotion." What would Scalia say about the new Canadian movie *We're Talking Vulva*, "a hilarious 5-minute feminist romp" starring a woman "dressed in a rubber vulva suit and hightop sneakers"? Because we're pretty sure

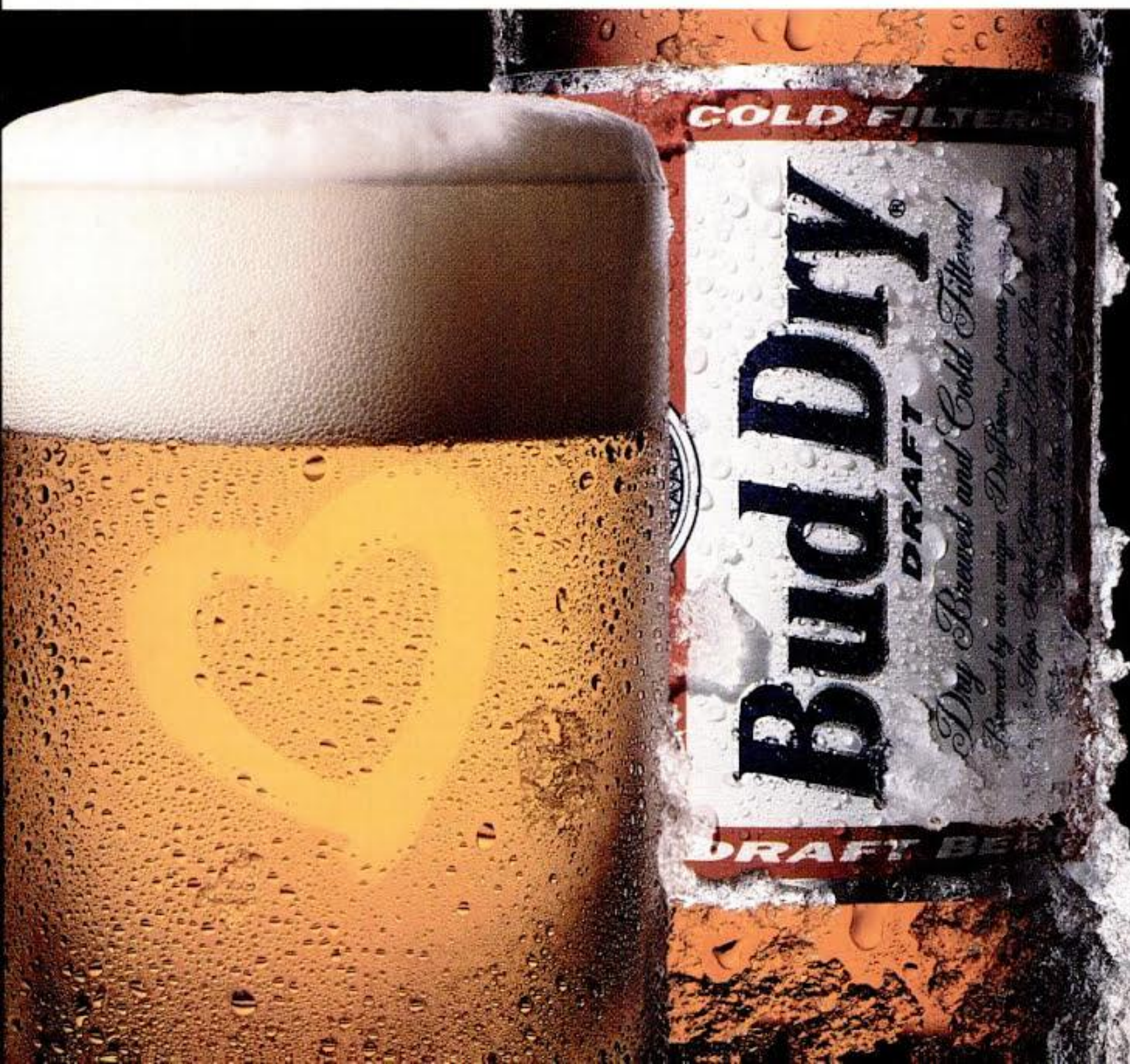
dressing in a rubber vulva suit is normally engaged in to communicate an idea, especially in Canada.

Strippers and producers of movies like *We're Talking Vulva* go to court to insist that they're creative artists. Writers and producers at NBC News have gone to court to argue that they're brainless clerks, and thus deserve overtime pay, since federal law exempts "artistic" professionals from overtime provisions. "It's not brain surgery and it's not painting Mona Lisas," says Jack Freeman, a *Nightly News* writer. "We are just not creative artists."

Maybe this is the self-deprecation decade. "I'm lazy, sloppy and disorganized," fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld said recently. "There's a lot of banality in life, so we make clothes a little banal too." It's now considered polite only to promote *others* hyperbolically. "John Gotti," says his sometime lawyer, Bruce Cutler, "is *loved more than anyone else in the city*." And even if we despise someone, we must find a way to express our loathing *warmly*. Greg

Mosher, the director of the Lincoln Center Theater, has it down pat: "I like Rocco [Landesman, a fellow 40-ish Broadway producer who'd said Mosher had sold out], but he's a liar and a bad producer."

We like George Bush, but he's a liar and a bad president. Hey, this feels pretty good! Perhaps the transformative national mood that Bush promised has arrived. For instance, a new New York State law bans the sale or possession of food in containers shaped like firearms. (Of course, the sale or possession of firearms shaped like food and of firearms shaped like firearms remains perfectly legal.) And New York's highest court has ruled that grandparents can sue to force their children to let them visit the grandchildren—talk about absurd, a slight matter, a household thing—even if the grandchildren are healthy and happy and the grandparents are overbearing creeps. And so the nineties dream is coming true: kindness and gentleness, strictly enforced, whether you like it or not. ☺



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Contributors



While reporting this issue's profile of the short-selling Feshbach brothers, **DEIRDRE FANNING** discovered the special joy of working for SPY. "I'd be talking to one of the Feshbachs, and then another would sneak into the room and say, 'Hi, Deirdre, I'm spying on you,'" she says. "Then they'd fall on the floor giggling." Fanning has had more sober reporting experiences for *The New York Times* and *Forbes*.




AIMÉE BELL's undertaking for this issue—tracking down people whose weddings were announced in the *Times* one Sunday 20 years ago, then persuading said people to talk at length to a complete stranger about their personal lives—was not without its rewards. "I got invitations to Vail and the Cape," Bell says, "and one divorcee asked me if I could fix him up with someone."



ANN HODGMAN, whose essay accompanies Bell's story, lost her chance to have her own nuptials announced in the *Times* thanks to the 1978 New York City newspaper strike. "We only got announced in the *Rochester* papers," she says, her disgust evident. Hodgman's children's book *My Babysitter Is a Vampire* was published by Pocket Books this summer.



DAVID HANDELMAN confesses that after years of receiving press releases by the truckload from the publicist Bobby Zarem, "it was nice to finally write about one of his various 'exciting projects'"—specifically, the megahyped Planet Hollywood restaurant. A contributing editor at *Rolling Stone*, Handelman has also written for *GQ* and *The New York Times Magazine*. 

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From the SPY Mailroom



The typed, single-spaced letter was sent to several members of our staff. "Dear Sir," it began, "I am writing to you to express my concern regarding the hiring policies of the Canadian banks...."

Well, we *thought* the redesign might bring us a new audience, but we hadn't really bargained on this. And, yes, it does raise some interesting questions. In thinking of SPY all along as a New York-based national magazine of journalism and satire, have we perhaps defined ourselves *too narrowly*? What if we *were* to take up the cause of, say, disgruntled teller-position applicants in Saskatchewan—would that be such a terrible thing? Oh, we've heard those complaints—the ones that say SPY is anti-this and anti-that without being pro-anything. We've heard them, but have we really *listened*? Could the inspiration for an exciting experiment in advocacy journalism, SPY-style, lie within the personnel department of some remote financial institution north of the 49th Parallel? Maybe so. And if we ever begin to feel that it does, we'll be sure to read the rest of the letter.

SPY's ubiquitous messenger/critic-at-large, Walter Monheit, continues to branch out. Alfred A. Knopf recently mailed him an advance copy of *The Actual Adventures of Michael Missing*, a quasi-autobiography by Michael Hickins. The book's May 15 publication date makes blurbing somewhat beside the point now, but just in case there proves to be any paperback action down the line, Monheit decided to weigh in with a few thoughts. As he adjusted his lampshade preparatory to stepping out one summer evening, Walter tossed this testimonial over a well-tailored shoulder (not his own): "Missing may be Hickins, but Hickins won't be missing from the National ▶

Letters to SPY

Hard Bodies, Hard Choices

What's wrong with Walter Monheit™? Too much sun at Cannes? Too many hors d'oeuvres at the Copa? Of four films reviewed in the June Blurb-o-Mat, he found only one worthy of Oscar's consideration. I realize even the major studios release a subpar film now and then, but if I want jaded cynicism about the entertainment industry, I'll read *Premiere*.

On a more cheerful note, I greatly enjoyed the bodybuilding article ["Pimping Iron," by Irvin Muchnick, June]. Were the piece a film, *ooof!* SPY, make room for another set of glistening bronzed muscles on your mantel—Oscar! (If Walter™ isn't going to be Walter™...)

A. C. Willment
Ridgewood, New Jersey

It gives one pause when a magazine that has been described as on the cutting edge of contemporary social consciousness feels that homosexuality makes for acceptable smear material as well as a surefire knee-slapper for its readers. Muchnick tars his subjects with such pathetic insinuations as "The magazines...appealed primarily to consumers of gay porn." Then he cites an obscure study that spinelessly alleges that between 40 and 75 percent of Venice Beach bodybuilders support themselves by homosexual prostitution and "other forms of hustling."

I could take solace in the delusion that this was a freak aberration, but the same issue finds Adam Begley trashing Dick Snyder by declaring that a former girlfriend of his next had an affair with another woman ["A Taste of His Own Medicine"].

Lloyd V. Reihl
San Francisco, California

We weren't being judgmental, just informative. In the first instance, we were sim-

ply explaining the small-market beginnings of Vince McMahon and the Weiders. In the second, for God's sake, it was Snyder's remark you took exception to, and we obviously included it only because it revealed something about his character. This is gay-bashing?

Three Mouseketeers

Excellent! Your Mittyesque "When Disney Ran America: A Speculative History of the Near Future" [by Jamie Malanowski, June] was not as far removed from potential reality as some might think.

Alexander Clemens
San Francisco, California

The clever "When Disney Ran America" bears a strong resemblance to a short story in the book *Free Agents*, by Max Apple. In Apple's story, Taiwan, realizing it cannot compete with China, leases itself to Disney and is turned into a giant amusement park. True, your article was funnier, but Apple's was first by about seven years.

Paul Angles
Los Angeles, California

Confirmation that the idea—concocted independently—is a sensible one. There's even a third example: in The '80s: A Look Back, by Tony Hendra, Disney merges with the U.K. to become the United Magic Kingdom.

A .30-'06, although well suited to killing humans, would make a dangerous and impractical bird gun. Only Robocop could hit a flying pheasant with a rifle, and a .30-'06 slug makes a golfball- to softball-size hole that would destroy most of the meat. Gun-conscious Secret Service agents would have picked up on Quayle's imbecility (or sneakiness) and supplied him with the proper 20- or 12-gauge shotgun loaded

Book Award committee's shortest of shortlists come judgment day! *Ooof!*"

Walter has his detractors, of course. "What was it about Monheit that sounded familiar?" writes Harriet W. Hamilton of Chelsea, Michigan. "Then I remembered—his movie reviews are like those of Liz Smith from the early 1970s in *Cosmopolitan*—always positive and predictable. I quit reading Liz's reviews back then because of that."

Hamilton's letter reminds us of another we've received. "I want to point out an error in the April issue," writes M. Elaine Mar of Somerville, Massachusetts. "In From the SPY Mailroom you refer to Erasmus of Rotterdam as 'Of Rotterdam.' Now, SPY, you should realize that 'Erasmus' is the proper name, and 'of Rotterdam' only descriptive....Get my point?"

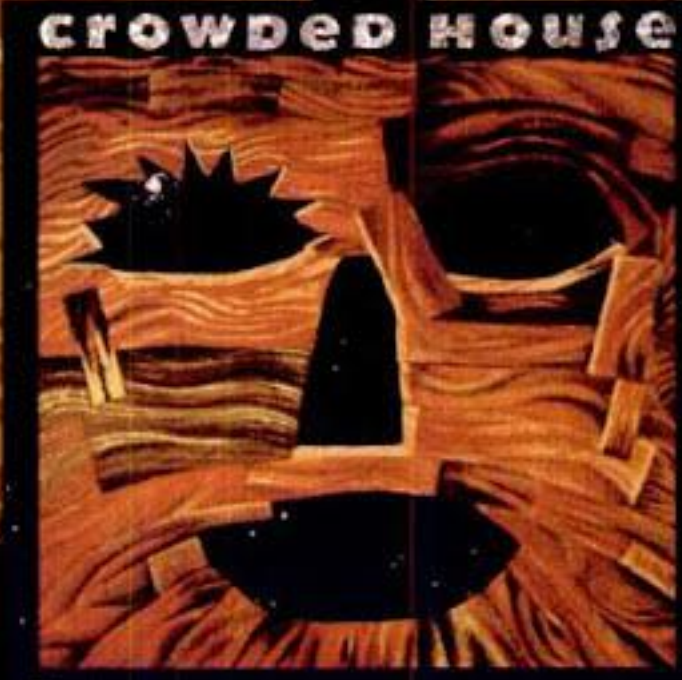
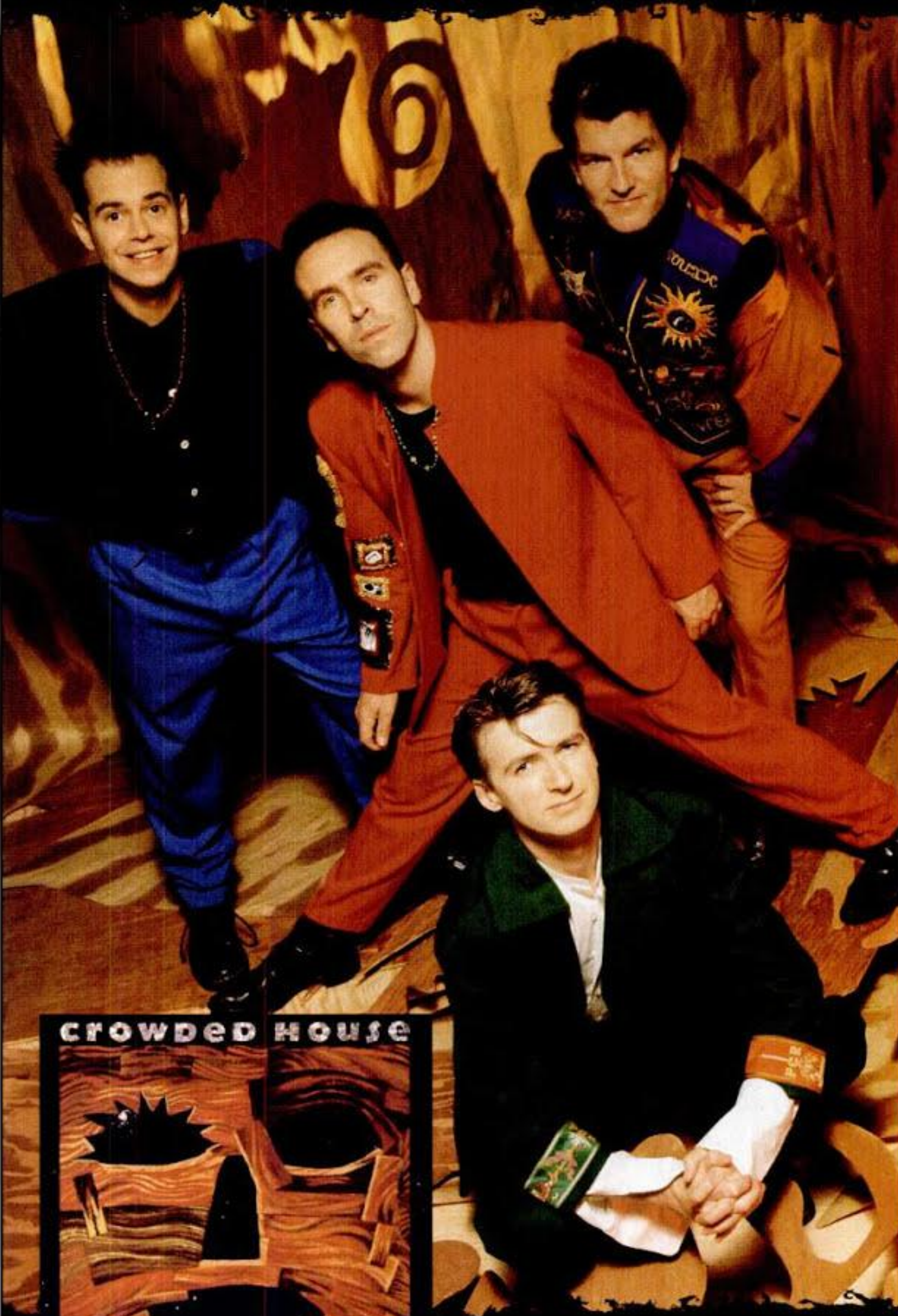
Not all the mail was from the astonishingly credulous. David D'Antonio writes from Quetzaltenango, Guatemala, to ask how many of him there are—that is, how many SPY subscribers there are in Guatemala. (D'Antonio also mentions nubbins, but we will ignore that, as we have ignored *all* nubbins references lately, even the one from Anne Norcia of Waynesville, Ohio, who went so far as to enclose a NUBBINS ENCLOSED rubber stamp but enclosed no actual nubbins.) In any event, there was one SPY subscriber in Guatemala—David D'Antonio—until he moved to Santa Cruz. The position is now open.

To the *Reader's Digest* lawyers: We're sorry. When we called Roy Blount's column "Life in These United States," we meant it as *homage*. The name of the column has been changed, effective this issue.

It's happened before—the name Jason de Menil may mean something to a few of you—and it will happen again. The pattern is familiar: a series of smart-alecky letters to the editor, followed by a silence, followed by—in effect—a résumé. In Ron Jacobs's case, it wasn't a résumé exactly, but an unsolicited manuscript for us to consider. May we recap the ▶

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steps Honolulu Ron took to guarantee a receptive audience at SPY? In the June 1989 Letters section, you will find Ron incorrectly pointing out a "nice fuck-up for a magazine that lists a chief of research on its masthead," defending Don Ho, calling New York a "dungheap," and then signing off with something rude in Hawaiian. Same section, March 1990: Ron is back with allegations of "another nice fuck-up" (mostly wrong again) and takes the opportunity to call one of our articles "terminally pointless" and our response to his previous letter a "dismal riposte." Then we sign off in Hawaiian. This brings us to April 1991 and the "mildly acerbic and guaranteed informative" unsolicited manuscript from Ron, some 1,800 words on how to pack for a trip to Hawaii. This, in turn, is followed in May by another unsolicited Jacobs manuscript—probably fiction, apparently fact-based and utterly inappropriate. (Although we did like the phrase "flashed frames of erotic visions.") Given the things Jacobs has said about us in the past, we could best exact our revenge by publishing him. But we're above that sort of pettiness.

This from Hugh Fink, Robert Hirsh and Richard Lampner of L.A.:
 "A party was being held in director-producer Stanley Kramer's honor, and, of course, reporters were on the scene soaking up the enlightened words of our country's most beloved celebrities. One of those invited, Gerald McRaney—TV's 'Major Dad'—was asked which of Kramer's films really stood out for him. His reply, after several seconds of hesitant gushing, was, 'Oh, there's soooo many...from *Dr. Strangelove* on up....'"

And there are soooo many Patricia Highsmith mysteries we enjoy—from *The Maltese Falcon* on up. Highsmith—actually the author of the novel upon which Hitchcock based *Strangers on a Train* and a "faithful reader" to boot—has sent us, of all things, a "Separated at Birth?" suggestion from her home in Switzerland. "Let me be the thousandth (probably) person to send you this photo of ▶

with bird shot.

Christopher F. Swenson

Newtonville, Massachusetts

Silly us. Slaughtering a pheasant with a thirty-aught-six? What were we thinking?

Mehta Linguistics

What a surprise to discover that Sonny Mehta actually removed a veiled reference to *Bright Lights, Big City* from Bret Easton Ellis's terribly important new novel ["The Rules of Subtraction," by Jonathan Napack, June]. After all, he had no compunctions over including "Stash" (from Tama Janowitz's *Slaves of New York*) and "Jamie Conway" (the protagonist of the film version of *Bright Lights*), to say nothing of "Francesca" and "Skip" and passing references to "Alison Poole" (all from Jay McInerney's *Story of My Life*) and actress Jami Gertz (star of the film version of Ellis's *Less Than Zero*). All this, mind you, in a novel whose lead is the brother of one of the main characters in Ellis's awful *Rules of Attraction*.

Alonso Duralde
Dallas, Texas

Goodbye, Mr. CHiPs?

Daryl Gates and the LAPD are a disgrace to the majority of the dedicated men and women across our nation who are outstanding police officers ["The Gazpacho Gestapo," by Michael Hainey, May]. If our politicians can't find it in themselves to use their elective power to remove the likes of Chief Gates, then it's high time we banded together to remove these weak politicians.

Foster Jack
Weatogue, Connecticut

Reputation Builders

I very much enjoyed your profile of Philip Johnson ["Master Philip and the Boys," by John Brodie, May], particularly your recounting of his relationship with Peter Eisenman, the bad boy of twentieth-century architecture. I enjoyed the dubious privilege of working with Eisenman's staff while employed by the Wexner

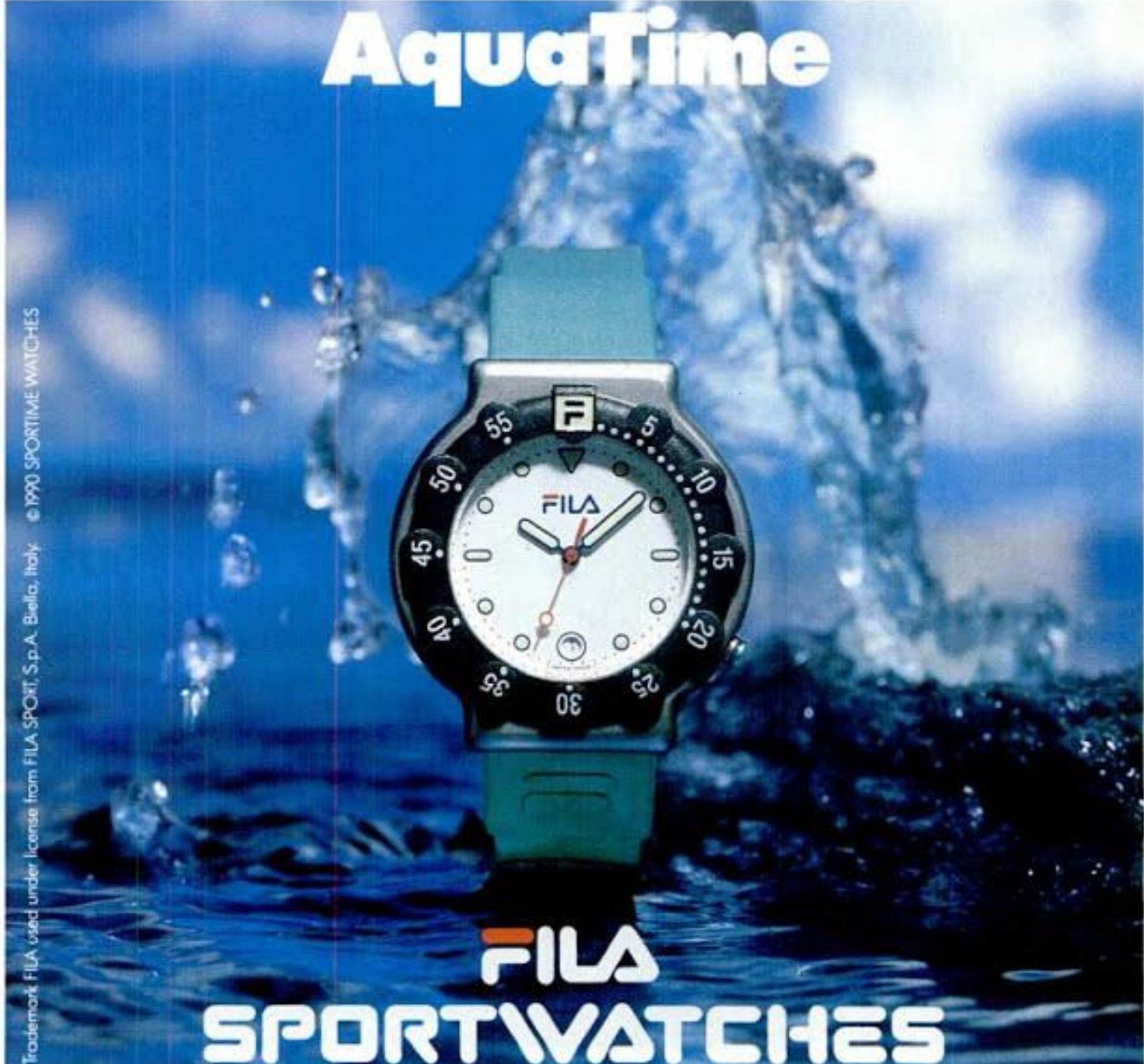


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TIMES

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— MADONNA

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Center for the Arts in Columbus, his first public commission.

The building is loathed by students, who must daily walk around its 600-foot deconstructed grid, and by many of the people who work there and must contend with its *Alice in Wonderland* detailing. Practically all the administrative offices have windows that start at shoulder level and go to the floor. Before venturing out to lunch, staffers crawl under their desks to see what the weather's like.

Hugh M. Murphy
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Thanks for the update—and you might be interested to know that last spring, a number of Eisenman's employees staged a wildcat strike, refusing to work until they were paid back salary.

It's time for these stylemongers to make room for my generation of architects to come in and clean up the enormous neglect and the intellectual toxic spill they have created. It's time to place social, economic and environmental concerns above style and fashion. If Johnson wants to discuss reality with me, I simply don't have anything to wear to The Four Seasons—so let's make it Katz's Deli or Cafe Orlin, okay?

Steven R. Van Gorp
Washington, D.C.

School for Scoundrels

Thanks for the high school yearbook ["SPY High," May]. It's a panic.

Anita Perr
Washington, D.C.

You're right. Life really *is* like high school. And you know what? Management consultants are definitely the hall monitors.

Philip J. Frankenfeld
Chicago, Illinois

Other Voices, Other Letters

From 1981 to 1984, I sat right outside Don Hewitt's office as a production secretary and broadcast associate at *60 Minutes*. In all the time I worked there, I never witnessed sexist and unrelenting flirtatious treatment toward

the female staff [*The Webs*, by Lauren Hobbs, June]. Hobbs's suggestion that "many women find their paths easier at *60 Minutes* if they indulge their boss's flirtations" is baseless and demeans the talent and integrity of the women who work there. If they didn't sign a letter to *The New York Times*, it doesn't mean that Don is not a caring and sensitive person. I was told one day while at work that my grandmother had suddenly died; Don offered to provide a car to the airport or whatever I needed to get to Florida immediately. This is hardly the act of an insensitive taskmaster.

I don't think Hobbs was really as interested in writing about what happened to Meredith Vieira as she was in knocking *60 Minutes*, an attack thinly veiled in a cloak of righteous feminism.

Susan Byron
San Francisco, California

The "new" SPY looks like shit.
Dr. Preston Mendenhall
Aspen, Colorado

Regarding SPY's new format:

[] Yes
[x] Super-Fabulous Xtra Classy
Charles E. Kiblinger
Burlington, Vermont

Maybe Liz Smith, at the recent PEN Mont Blanc Literary Gala [*The Usual Suspects*, June], knew they knew she didn't belong there, and maybe she figured that as a gag, they'd fixed her place setting with the single Mont Blanc pen that didn't write properly. Acting surreptitiously on that fear, she sidled over to Brad Leithauser's place with the idea of securing a spare. In any case, my fervent hope is that SPY has no plans to abandon its relentless observation of her.

Robin Sutherland
San Francisco, California

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, *The SPY Building*, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Typewritten letters are preferred. Please include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ☺

Shirley Horn, who looks like you-know-who," she writes, enclosing photos of Horn, the jazz singer, looking for all the world like Mick Jagger.

Kamala White of L.A. wrote us in June about her encounter with the dread James Toback. Perhaps you saw the letter? Toback did. White tells us he then made a scary phone call to her—which is interesting, given that back in November 1988, when we were about to publish an article about him, Toback made scary phone calls to us. *Be careful of what you say*, White says Toback told her, *when the consequences could be so great*. After trying to get her to say SPY had altered her letter (*None of that ever happened!*, Toback reportedly insisted), he said that if she'd called him before writing to us, he'd have recommended a lobotomy or a memory scan for her. *You can't go around treating people like that*, concluded the aggrieved, misunderstood director.

Finally, General Norman Schwarzkopf, through an intermediary named Captain Cathy Lo Presti, contacted SPY for copies of the February issue, in which two photographs of Schwarzkopf by SPY contributing editor Harry Benson appeared. The general wanted the issues *on the double*. The general got them. He also got the May issue, which he evidently hadn't yet seen and for whose cover he didn't exactly pose. No word yet on what he thought of it, but, just in case, we've instructed the security guard to keep an eye out for a bulky, crew-cutted fellow dressed a bit like a doorman and armed, possibly, with a large chalkboard. ☛

CORRECTIONS

In August's "Town and Country," we omitted full credit for a photograph; David Graham's *Shriner at Veterans Day Parade* appears in his new book, *Only in America: Some Unexpected Scenery*, published by Knopf. And in May's "Master Philip and the Boys," we understated the cost of Peter Eisenman's Wexner Center for the Arts at Ohio State University; it cost \$43 million to build. ☛

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Butterfield Eighty-sixed?

The plagiarism scandal that forced a Boston University dean to resign his title has touched off a remarkable ripple effect throughout newspaper journalism's Northeast Corridor, leaving imperiled careers and scraps of shattered credibility in its wake.

You'll recall that H. Joachim Maitre, the dean of BU's College of Communication, was nailed this summer for borrowing significant portions of his spring commencement address—without giving any credit—from a scholarly paper by, of all people, Michael Medved, PBS's scrawny nudnik of a film critic. *The Boston Globe* was first in reporting the controversy, publishing an account of Maitre's faux pas on July 2. The *Times* picked up the story a day later, cursorily crediting the *Globe's* piece and printing side-by-side excerpts from Maitre's speech and Medved's treatise. Little more than a week later, in what may have been the most embarrassing Editors' Note in ages, the *Times* confessed that its piece on the plagiarism scandal, by Boston correspondent Fox Butterfield, had in fact been, well, plagiarized.

"Besides the quotations from Mr. Maitre's speech, the *Times* article included a passage of five paragraphs that closely resembled five paragraphs in the *Globe* article," the Editors' Note said. "The passage involved comparisons of the same sets of quotations from the disputed texts." While the *Times* piece reflected "independent investigation" and "interviews" by Butterfield, the note said, it was "improperly dependent on the *Globe* account."

The Washington Post, recognizing a golden opportunity to twit its competitor to the north, followed the *Times's* self-immolating clarification with its own report on the controversy by Howard Kurtz, the *Post's* media reporter. Kurtz's piece disclosed that the *Times's* hand was forced when two readers sent in letters pointing out the similarities between the *Globe* and *Times* articles.

The very day that Kurtz's story

appeared, however, the *Post* became entangled in its own plagiarism mess, after it was revealed that its Miami-bureau chief, Laura Parker, had relied too heavily on a series of *Miami Herald* articles in her own report on Florida's infestation by mosquitoes and grasshoppers.

The *Times*, shamed but vindictive, was only too happy to squeeze an unbylined account of Parker's dismissal into its late edition on July 14, two days after the publication of Kurtz's story.

Meanwhile, for Fox Butterf—excuse me, I just noticed that four paragraphs ago, where I detail the contents of the *Times's* Editors' Note, I am improperly dependent on Kurtz's piece; in fact, I have appropriated one of his paragraphs verbatim. Not only that, but this same joke was used in *Newsweek* and *The New Republic* not long ago. I admit my mistakes, apologize profusely and hope that SPY's ombudsmen remember my years of dutiful service and otherwise pristine record.

Meanwhile, for Fox Butterfield, who has long been protected from staff criticism by his close friend-

ship with *Times* managing editor and heir apparent Joseph Lelyveld, the plagiarism flub is strike three. Strike one was his incorrect report in the summer of 1987 that a retired CIA official was going to link Major General Richard Secord to an imprisoned arms smuggler in his testimony during the Iran-contra investigation, a mistake that required the *Times* to publish one of the few front-page, above-the-fold corrections in its history. Needless to say, the paper of record doesn't like to have to do that sort of thing. Strike two was his inflammatory article last spring in which he named Willie Smith's alleged rape victim and smeared her by reporting that she had "a wild streak."

While Butterfield dangles in limbo—the *Times* suspended him for a week shortly after his plagiarism was discovered—Roger Cohen, who brought intelligence and savvy to the *Times's* book-industry coverage, is about to move on. Last spring he accepted, with Italian journalist Claudio Gatti, a reported \$150,000 offer from Farrar, Straus & Giroux to write a quickie biography of Norman Schwarzkopf. Cohen had hoped the *Times* would give him

a month off to write the book before he headed off to Jerusalem to assume Joel Brinkley's old title as that city's bureau chief. But in typically accommodating *Times* style, Lelyveld, with executive editor Max Frankel's support, told Cohen to choose one or the other, the book project or the Jerusalem assignment. Cohen chose



Roger

For Butterfield, a longtime friend of managing editor Lelyveld's, the plagiarism flub is strike three

the book, and will instead become the *Times's* Paris-based economics correspondent.

Cohen played a crucial role in the extraordinary brouhaha provoked by the publication of Jacob Weisberg's tough, entertaining critique of the book industry in *The New Republic*. As Weisberg has himself noted, details of the scores of outraged letters sent to *TNR* by authors and agents arrived at the *Times's* offices before the letters themselves arrived at *TNR's* offices. Armed with these epistolary testaments to the book world's astounding thin-skinnedness, Cohen wrote an anti-Weisberg news article that said, "The arguments in the piece...were not bolstered by the fact that it included two conspicuous errors." One error was the misspelling of the title of Milan Kundera's novel *Immortality*, and the other was the misidentification of Ken Auletta's new book by its old, working title—chicken feed in comparison with daily *Times* editorial boners.

Before he finished his reporting, Cohen called Weisberg for a comment. At the end of his telephone interview with the writer, Cohen cupped his hand over the phone and said to someone nearby, "Do you want to talk, Judy?" Now, who could that Judy have possibly been? Judy Carne? Judy Garland? Or perhaps the much-traveled Judy Miller, deposed deputy media czar and Cohen's former boss? The Judy Miller whose former editor at Simon & Schuster is Alice Mayhew, one of the two book-industry mandarins filleted in Weisberg's piece, and whose boyfriend—and future editor, possibly—is Random House editorial director Jason Epstein, the other bigwig skewered? Whichever Judy it was, the *Times* rallied heroically to the defense of Mayhew and Epstein.

Finally, this from a *Times* caption for a photograph of Rosa Parks at the dedication of the National Civil Rights Museum in Memphis: "The museum be finished by Aug. 31."

—J. J. Hunsecker

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Mighty Disney Has Struck Out

Kiefer and Julia are kaput—that's old news—but have you heard about Mike and Sparky? A year ago it seemed they'd be 2-gether 4-ever, but Disney chairman-for-life Michael Eisner and studio president Jeffrey "Sparky" Katzenberg are now reportedly at odds. So much so that it's conceivable Katzenberg may someday leave the Mouse to head up another studio. *Unthinkable*, you're saying to yourself, but consider: Martin and Lewis and even Hitler and Mussolini eventually parted ways.

At the heart of Eisner and Katzenberg's falling-out is, of course, Disney's continuing streak of duds, the most recent being *The Rocketeer* (great look, weak plot) and *V.I. Warshawski*. Though the studio's TV arm continues to do well—eleven of its series are slated for prime-time runs this fall—Eisner sees the film division's recent failures as evidence that Katzenberg is doing an inadequate job running things. And that's made Big Mike very touchy. At an in-house screening earlier this year of Hollywood Pictures's *Warshawski*, Eisner stormed out of the room, saying the film was garbage. Looking to cut his losses, he ordered the number of cuts on the soundtrack reduced and the film's marketing campaign scaled back.

Such criticism is a new challenge for Katzenberg, but introspection-free robo-executive that he is, Sparky has not sulked. Instead, he has no doubt plunged into his work at an even more maddening speed, setting up 6:30 breakfast meetings where 7:30 ones used to do, installing extra lines in his car phone, ordering the cleaners to put an even sharper crease in his blue jeans, and so forth. And Hollywood Pictures president Ricardo "El Groovo" Mestres, a man with legitimate worries about job security, has instructed his associates to watch and wait: *Warshawski*, he says, *will vindicate me*.

While Mestres (like Eisner and Katzenberg, a child of Manhattan's Upper East Side) prays for redemption, his likable archrival, Touchstone president David Hoberman, is

enjoying a run of good favor thanks to the reviews accorded *The Doctor*, starring William Hurt. The movie won't shatter any box office records, but its prestige means a lot to Disney at a time when the studio can't afford any more failures, financial or critical.

On the subject of possibly endangered careers, Paramount production president Gary Lucchesi, the Frank Mancuso-era hold-over who championed and developed *Regarding Henry*, may soon go the way of Mancuso. The film's lukewarm reviews and weak box office are enough to make any studio executive unhappy, but Paramount Communications chairman Martin Davis was so incensed by the film that he called his new studio boss, Stanley Jaffe, and said he wanted the head of whoever was responsible for green-lighting it. Oddly enough, the bottom-line-obsessed Davis wasn't as upset about the movie's meager returns as he was about the fact that Harrison Ford's early self in the film—an arrogant, bloodless, moneyed Upper East Sider—was depicted in such a way as to make audiences believe those were *negative*

things. Davis became sensitized to such fine shadings of character after reading, in a *Fortune* article by Dan Seligman, about a recent survey that found that apart from gangsters, businessmen make up the majority of television murderers. *Hmmm*.

For the number crunchers among you, our Bruce Willis Industrial Index, inaugurated here three years ago, has thus far followed the trajectory of your typical bell curve. For *Die Hard* he earned \$5 million, then he worked up to a high of around \$10 million per picture, and our current reading for future projects has him back down in, oh, the mid-seven-figures. At Warners there is in-

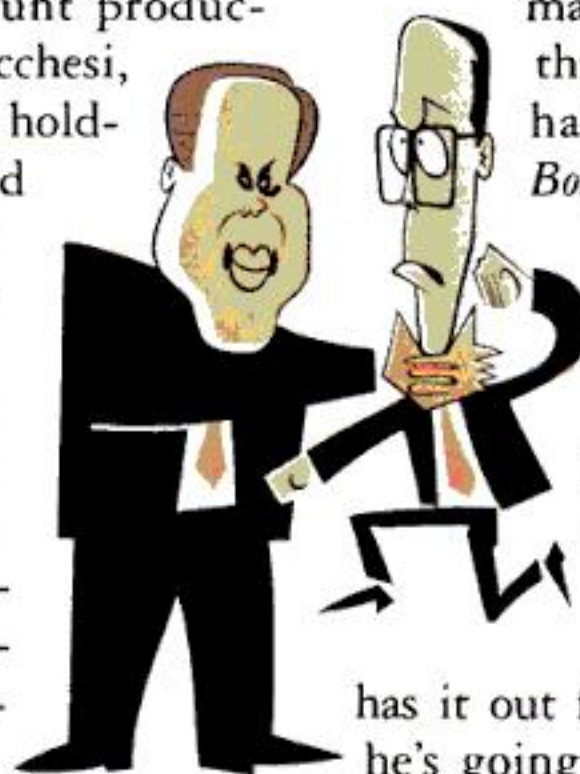
creasing worry that by Christmas, Willis will have gone three for three with all-time hall-of-fame bombs: *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, *Hudson Hawk* and *The Last Boy Scout*. The latter is said to be so awful, so full of gratuitous violence and Bruce smugness, that insiders have dubbed it *Hudson Hawk 2*. Willis, who believes the press has it out for him, is telling friends he's going to take a year off to reconsider his life.

And finally, this: John Campbell, the schoolteacher who was the basis for Robin Williams's character in *Dead Poets Society*, was

sacked this summer. That makes him the second real person portrayed on film by Williams—*Awakenings* doctor Oliver Sacks was the first—to lose his job.

Adrian Cronauer: as soon as you finish Xeroxing your résumé, join me Monday night at Mortons.

—Celia Brady



Mike and Sparky

At a screening of *Warshawski*, Eisner stormed out of the room, saying it was garbage

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Cronkite...Rather...Zahn?

The new executive producer of *The CBS Evening News* is Erik Sorenson—an intelligent, easygoing sort who, in the words of a colleague, “has read one too many self-help books.” Before his elevation, Sorenson spent a year and a half as executive producer of *CBS This Morning*; he began his career at the CBS affiliate in Chicago, where he worked for the man he calls his godfather, current CBS News president Eric Ober. Sorenson was at KCBS in Los Angeles for several years, but now he has joined Ober in New York, and the two old friends lead the News division. Sorenson’s mission: to salvage the *Evening News*, a program that is slipping in and out of third place in the ratings and whose star has become a very expensive problem.

At first, people at CBS worried that Sorenson was just another veteran of big-city happy-talk news. His taste for a soft-shouldered Century City look did not allay these fears, and his decision to refer to the CEO of CBS as Larry the Liquidator didn’t suggest that he was overburdened with tact and seriousness. Many of his staff also predicted that Sorenson was merely a “softy” who would stress visual pizzazz, pre-packaged segments and Dan-to-correspondent cross talk. When he told *The Washington Post* in June that one of his first orders of business would be to develop “better over-the-shoulder and full-screen graphics for Dan,” those skeptics enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing they had been right.

Considering Sorenson’s local-news background, CBS insiders figured foreign coverage might suffer, but one of his first additions was a new foreign-news senior producer, Al Berman. Berman is now known around the newsroom as “the senior producer who needs a map to find Washington.” He did not put his best foot forward when he learned of Martha Graham’s death last spring. Having obviously confused the choreographer with former Polident spokesmodel Martha Raye,

he instructed a researcher to “pull Martha’s big-mouth commercial.” To be fair, let’s point out that this wasn’t foreign news.

Still, Sorenson had his reasons for hiring the fellow. What Berman lacks in his knowledge of geography and modern dance he more than makes up for in his love of fishing—a pastime also enjoyed by the broadcast’s anchorman, Dan Rather, who has drafted him as a new angling companion. Imagine wading knee-deep in the Batten Kill, the long hours of silence punctuated only by Rather’s hoary Texas aphorisms or shouts of “Courage!” at the first strike of a brown trout, and Sorenson’s logic comes into focus. Traditionally, the role of being Rather’s obligatory playmate fell to the executive producer, yet Sorenson seems little interested in that aspect of the job. When asked by an associate his reasons for hiring his new quick-casting senior producer, he quipped, *Why do you think I hired him? So I don’t have to go fishing with Dan.*

And speaking of going fishing,

the embattled anchorman continues to encourage the belief that he might soon be leaving the *Evening News*. Before taking three weeks’ vacation this summer, Rather sought out the counsel of several trusted old friends. The question he asked over and over was whether he should do the honorable thing and simply walk away from the anchor chair (his \$3-million-a-year contract runs through 1994), or wait to be dragged kicking and screaming by CBS. Rather may have a place to go—the talk at CBS is that the huge Japanese broadcast company NHK is starting a global CNN knockoff and that it might try to hire Rather-san. Given the Japanese corporate penchant for buying brand names at top price, this would make sense.

Sorenson worked with Paula Zahn at *CBS This Morning*, so speculation grows that she will join the *Evening News* in some capacity. Zahn has one thing going for her, at least—the network has been aggressively stressing looks over substance when it comes to which correspondents get airtime. This past summer, for example,

two of the *Evening News*’s better female on-air talents, one a veteran war correspondent and the other a star Washington political reporter, were pushed off the broadcast because they did not meet the new standard of foxiness for hard-news reporters.

—Laureen Hobbs



Paula

The huge Japanese broadcast company NHK may try to hire Dan

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The Little Network That Could've

Dine at the Fox commissary and get more than just a typical cheap studio meal—have your calories counted for you too! Arranged according to caloric content (salads on the left, Twinkies on the right), the menu is yet another manifestation of Fox chairman Barry Diller's totalitarian management style. The calorie concept was his brainchild; the company joke is that "Barry's even managed to ruin lunch."

A generous reading of recent events at the spunky Fox Broadcasting Company—dwindling ratings and advertising for erstwhile top-ten hits, failure to launch a long-promised national newscast—would be that the house that Murdoch built is still recovering from the dismantling of its once-formidable Sunday night. Producer Jim Brooks still hasn't forgiven Diller for moving *The Simpsons* to Thursdays opposite *Cosby*, a slot in which it never attracted the audience Fox had predicted. Fox thereby managed to lose both a very bankable TV producer and a very bankable movie director: Brooks now has a hefty package deal with Columbia for movies and television, and his *Grownups* debuts on ABC next month. And when *Simpsons* executive producer Sam Simon—who to the bitter end fought futilely and publicly to persuade Diller to move the show back to Sundays this fall—stepped back from the show to become an executive producer at Brooks's Gracie Films, it clinched the end of a year-long power struggle between Simon and the cartoon's creator, Matt Groening.

Despite commendable breakthroughs (*The Simpsons*, *Tracey Ullman*, *In Living Color*) and a \$50 million profit that will surely embarrass the red-ink-plagued CBS and likely NBC as well, Fox is still routinely dismissed as the "fledgling fourth network" and blamed for the decline of Western civilization. (A ten-year-old arrested for hitting an old lady over the head with a sand-filled sock in Central Park told police he was just copying *In Living*

Color's violent Homey the Clown.) Fox's fall lineup—filtered through a barrage of focus-group and other market tests by an ever-more-powerful audience-research department—looks no more or less inane than anyone else's. See the cast of Broadway's *The Piano Lesson* in *Roc*, a sitcom about a happy-go-lucky garbage man! Feel the Bungee-jumping excitement of the adventure-reality show *The Ultimate Challenge*! And watch in amazement as Dabney Coleman's talents are squandered in *Shut Up, Kids*, a well-conceived but abysmally executed sitcom about a white-collar criminal doing community-service time in a grade school.

Somebody—the likable entertainment president Peter Chernin, say, or his largely irrelevant underling, development vice president Paul "Stupid" Stupin—may have to go down for these and other questionable decisions (remember *Babes*?). *Edge* has long been Fox's buzzword, but many of the meddlesome suits who program the network tend to get anxious when actually confronted with it; they're confused by any show trying to do

something that, as one producer put it, "can't be compared to an episode of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*." "It's weird," says a writer on one of Fox's smarter comedies, "I get the feeling they're embarrassed by their hit shows—*Married With Children*, *In Living Color*." When the network's goofily parodic Chris Elliott vehicle *Get a Life* wanted to do a bit with Elliott's character "keyed" into a black-and-white 1940s urban backdrop, Fox executives were concerned that viewers wouldn't remember the 1940s. And *Get a Life* has now been "slightly revised": instead of being a quasi-psychotic 30-year-old paperboy who still lives at home, Chris will get a real job, his own apartment and a girlfriend.

Doesn't this utterly compromise the show's subversive, anti-sitcom premise? No, Chernin ventures—it's really just a comedy about a fella with a lot of "youthful exuberance."

"They've gotten just as good at 'We want to do something different, but we want to do it in the same old way' as everybody else," says another writer.

How is Fox responding to deep advertiser skepticism and honeymoon-is-over antipathy from the press?

By handing out plum programming jobs to publicists. The former head of Fox's notoriously erratic PR department, Brad Turell, has been placed in charge of network specials, an extraordinary responsibility for a career flack whose most obvious skills are driving expensive



Barry

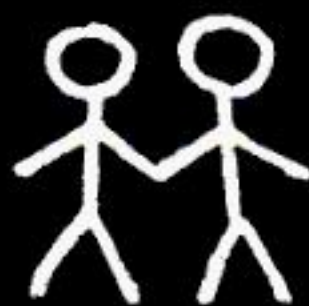
People are afraid to work for Diller, who may be the model for Homer Simpson's boss, Mr. Burns

German cars and dating spectacularly blond women.

Equally perplexing is the rehiring of Garth Ancier, in a nebulous "entrepreneurial business relationship" that comes with no title and a vague development/production mandate. Fox's first head programmer back in 1986, Diller's disarming prodigal son has proved a master at distancing himself from his failures. Behind his perpetually closed door at NBC's short-lived debacle *Sunday Best* earlier this year, Ancier was already working the Fox deal and boasting that he'd be jumping networks "any day now."

After two staff purges and concept overhauls, the executive-producership of Fox's *Personalities* became the most offered and least desirable in town, since Diller would be micromanaging the show no matter who was allegedly in charge. Former *Los Angeles Times* reporter Bill Knoedelseder is the latest to place himself under Barry's thumb, and the show has been renamed *EDJ*, a contrived acronym for *Entertainment Daily Journal* to be pronounced—uh-oh—"edge." (*Personalities/EDJ*, syndicated by Fox's Twentieth Television division, has been encouraged to cover shows on the sister network—during the three-month tenure of Knoedelseder's predecessor, Mark Toney, at least three puff pieces ran about *In Living Color* and its increasingly arrogant producer-star-auteur, Keenan Ivory Wayans.)

One explanation given to account for Fox's weak executive bench is that people are afraid to work for the brilliant but high-strung Diller (not to mention Rupert Murdoch, who has now moved to the West Coast to oversee his Hollywood empire). If, as insiders have whispered, Diller is the model for Homer Simpson's Dickensian boss, Mr. Burns, then who at the company most resembles Mr. Burns's simpering yes-man, Smithers? "Everyone else," says a Fox inmate. —Bennet Marco



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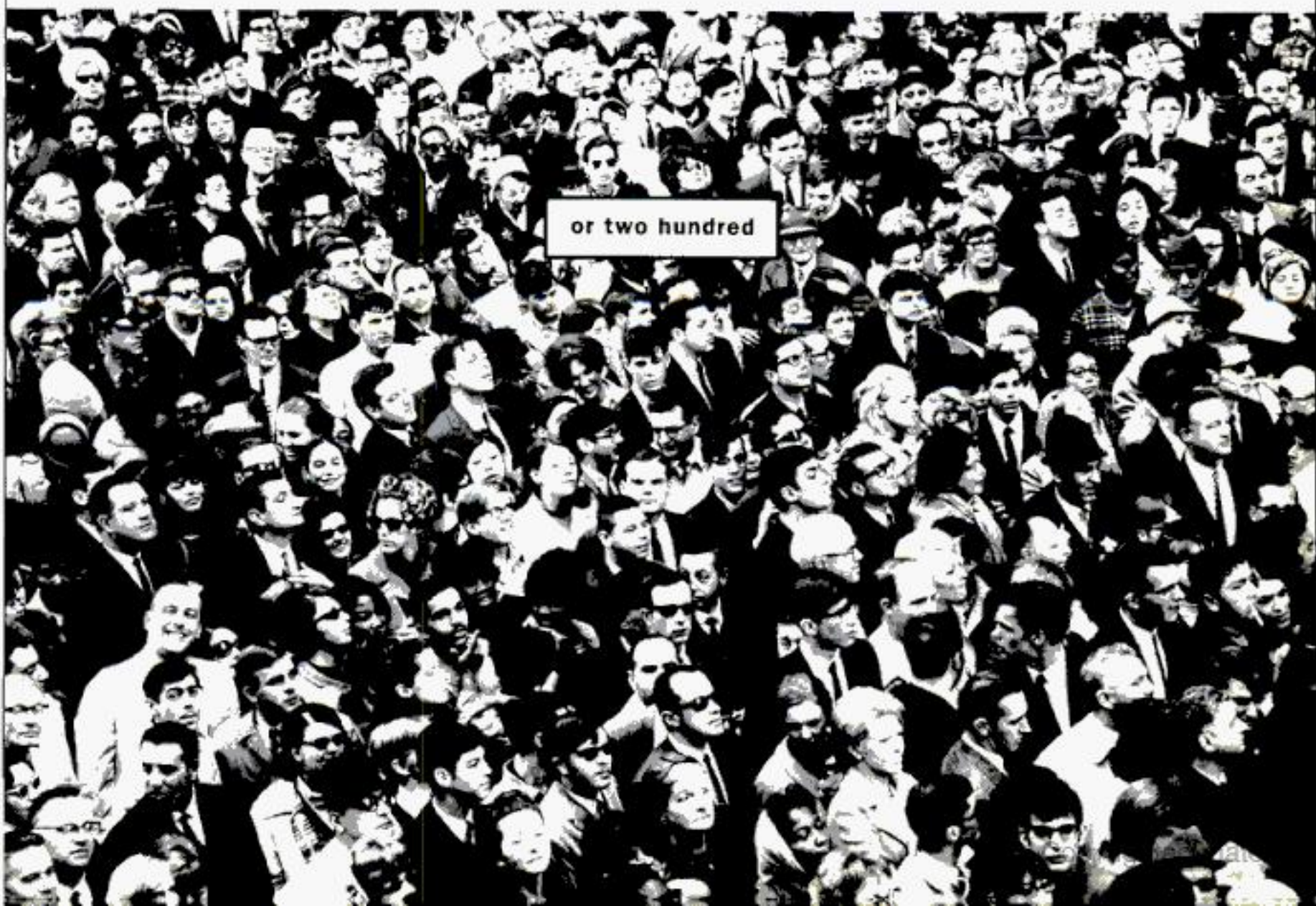
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Dinkins, Kalikow, Love Letters, Real Estate: Did Somebody Say *Deal*?

During this time of economic difficulty, many New Yorkers are suffering, including Mayor David Dinkins, who is overwhelmed by fiscal problems, and Peter Kalikow, the real estate developer and owner of the *Post*, whose empire is foundering on a billion dollars of debt. It's too bad these two civic leaders can't give each other a hand. After all, SPY has learned, they managed to secretly help each other once before.

In September 1989, after beating Ed Koch in the Democratic primary, Dinkins had as much as a 34 percent lead over Rudolph Giuliani in the polls, and it was widely assumed that he would win the keys to Gracie Mansion by about a 10-point margin. But as Election Day approached, Dinkins's lead shrank, dwindling to single digits during the final days of the campaign. In the end, he won by just 2 percent.

He was lucky to win at all. As the campaign reached its climax, Dinkins was in danger of becoming embroiled in a nasty scandal involving alleged marital infidelities, which could easily have cost him the election. Herein lies the tale of how that scandal was averted.

According to Dinkins-campaign advisers and reporters who covered the election, a set of purloined love letters written to Dinkins by several women while he was Manhattan borough president fell into the hands of the Giuliani campaign. The source was thought to have been a disgruntled secretary in Dinkins's office who'd been denied a raise and reportedly had a sister on Giuliani's staff. Why Dinkins kept such personal correspondence on file in his office is curious, but people who saw the letters say each bore the stamp of the borough president and the time and date it was received.

Someone in the Giuliani camp—insiders believe it was consultant Roger Ailes—passed the letters to Fred Dicker, a reporter at the *Post*, about ten days before the election. In Dicker, the paper's Albany-bureau chief and a political conserva-

tive, Giuliani's operatives were confident they had the right man to expose Dinkins's supposed indiscretions.

After receiving the letters, Dicker took them to Bill Lynch, Dinkins's campaign manager, for comment. Lynch, having never seen the letters and not wishing to have expressions of amazement attributed to him in the *Post*, offered no comment. Instead, he promptly tracked down Andrew Cuomo, the governor's son and a Dinkins adviser, and the two of them headed for the presidential suite of the Sheraton Centre, where Dinkins was living, apart from his wife of 39 years, during the final weeks of the campaign. It was late at night, and Dinkins, having just showered, met his advisers in his bathrobe. At the last moment Lynch, embarrassed to talk about such a personal matter with his boss, foisted the job on Cuomo, who had met Dinkins only a few times before.

According to a number of those who have heard Cuomo describe the encounter, Dinkins emphatically denied knowing anything about the letters. But then Cuomo handed him copies. The mayor-to-be reportedly stiffened, tightened the bathrobe about his throat and said, "Okay, what can we do?" Other people who know Dinkins say he has never explicitly confirmed that these letters came from women who had been lovers of his. But Dinkins has

had a reputation for womanizing, one that has been discussed privately by City Hall insiders but never documented.

People from the campaign say that once Dinkins heard that the letters were in the *Post*'s hands, he asked Harold Ickes, a labor lawyer and longtime Kennedy operative who was then counsel to the Dinkins campaign, to contact Peter Kalikow's public-relations point man, Marty McLaughlin. The two handled the delicate negotiations between the camps. What was agreed to may never be known, but the letters never appeared in the *Post*.

Of course, there are other reasons why the *Post* may have passed on the story. The letters' relevance to Dinkins's suitability to govern is arguable. Jerry Nachman, the editor of the *Post*, today maintains that it was impossible to verify the letters' authenticity and says the paper was never close to printing them. Finally, the paper had to have been worried about appearing racist by raising this issue. "We told them they'd have a race riot on their hands if they printed the letters," a Dinkins adviser told SPY. But even if Kalikow wasn't eager to print them, he must have seen that the Dinkins camp thought he might, and that he could benefit by agreeing not to. So: was there a deal? Suspicious minds point to Dinkins's cooperation in Kalikow's efforts to build a luxury high rise on the Upper East Side as evidence that some kind of accommodation was reached.

At the time of the election, the tenants of the City and Suburban Homes, a 14-building residential complex on East 79th Street, were seeking landmark status for the structures to prevent Kalikow from demolishing them. Kalikow had bought the buildings in 1985 for \$43 million with the intention of

razing them and then putting up four expensive high rises on the site. In the face of considerable opposition, Kalikow amended his plans and proposed demolishing only the four buildings nearest the East River; on that land he would erect a luxury tower perhaps 80 stories high. Preservationists opposed this compromise and pursued the landmark designation, which if obtained would effectively kill Kalikow's scheme.

Hundreds of millions of dollars were at stake, and through most of 1989, Kalikow spent lavishly to hire lawyers and PR consultants and historians to prepare the arguments that would be made before the Landmarks Preservation Commission that the tenements didn't deserve special protection. But according to a source close to the Kalikow team, that formal effort seemed less urgent after the election. Five months later, in April, the Landmarks commission ruled against Kalikow and gave the entire City and Suburban complex landmark status. However, the commission's ruling still had to be approved by the Board of Estimate, which, until the Charter revision, was the city's ultimate authority. Strangely enough, Kalikow's man Marty McLaughlin appeared cheerful after the defeat. "Don't worry," he confided to colleagues, "we'll fix it at the Board of Estimate."

While reversals of the Landmarks commission's decisions were not unheard of, they were rare. Winning at the Board was a matter of building coalitions and being able to count. To pass something, you needed six votes. Three members of the Board—the mayor, the City Council president (who was Andrew Stein) and the city comptroller (who was Elizabeth Holtzman)—had two votes apiece. The other members, the five borough presidents, had one vote each. In practice, mayors had been able to govern because they had enormous power to trade for the votes of the borough presidents. Generally, one

borough president doesn't really care what happens in another borough and is happy to side with the mayor in exchange for future considerations.

In the case of Kalikow's City and Suburban Homes, Mayor Dinkins looked to be the crucial player. Kalikow was confident of the two votes of his good friend Stein. Holtzman's position was unknown, but it was thought she'd follow the mayor's lead. Of the borough presidents, only Manhattan's Ruth Messinger was definitely against Kalikow and in favor of granting complete landmark status. The other four had indicated they'd consider the one-high-rise compromise that Kalikow had pushed.

Dinkins, while borough president, had supported landmarking the site. But after he became mayor, and after Kalikow's paper had decided not to publish the story on his love letters, he became less forthright, and refused to say how he'd cast his two votes. A month before the Board's vote, the *Times* reported that aides to Dinkins "noted that he has said he favors designating at least part of the complex as a landmark yet has not ruled out building on part of it."

Before the vote, Kalikow recruited a new lobbyist: Dinkins's counsel, Harold Ickes, the labor lawyer with limited real estate experience who was the mayor's go-between with the Kalikow camp on the matter of the letters. According to public records, Ickes would earn \$35,000 for lobbying on Kalikow's behalf.

SPY has learned that on August 17, the Friday before the vote, the

punctilious mayor called Kalikow and assured the developer he'd support his compromise if Kalikow needed his votes. On Monday he called again. He assured Kalikow that the four outer-borough presidents had committed their support for the compromise, and said that since the developer now had a majority—those four votes plus Stein's two—Dinkins planned to vote against the compromise, thus maintaining his credentials with liberals and preservationists. And that's what happened: the compromise passed, 6–5. Longtime observers of city government can hardly remember another case in which the Board went against the wishes of both the mayor and the president of the affected borough. The mayor's waiting game did not go unnoticed. "I thought he was late and cautious in how he threw his weight in on the issue," said

Borough President Messinger.

"That's what makes it so perfect," said one political insider. "In the end the mayor didn't have to vote with Kalikow." (Kalikow, by the way, commenting through a spokesman, said he hadn't "participated in the editorial process." Ickes said he'd never heard of the letters. Dickerson said he wouldn't comment. Dinkins did not respond



Peter, Andy, David

A nasty scandal involving alleged marital infidelities might have cost Dinkins the election

to a request for an interview. Cuomo and Lynch did not return calls.) In the end, both Dinkins and Kalikow got what they wanted. However, with the city in crisis and with Kalikow facing bankruptcy, neither prize is worth what it appeared to be in the final days of the 1980s.

—Guy Hamilton

Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

How does socialite-novelist **Norman Mailer** keep his prose so fresh, tart and provocative? Why, by being fresh, tart and provocative himself! Not long ago, at a swank Manhattan literary salon that *wasn't* presided over by socialite-real estate broker **Alice Mason**, a tall, blond, jewelry-dripping Texas-oilwife type held Mailer's attention the entire evening. As the cocktails and canapés accumulated in the mailbox-shaped author's gut, his wit grew ever more rapier-sharp. *You are soooo funny*, the woman repeatedly responded to his bons mots. *You are soooo funny*. To which Mailer cleverly replied, in a similarly mantralike refrain, *You are a starfucker. I'm the star, you're the fucker. I'm the star, you're the fucker...*

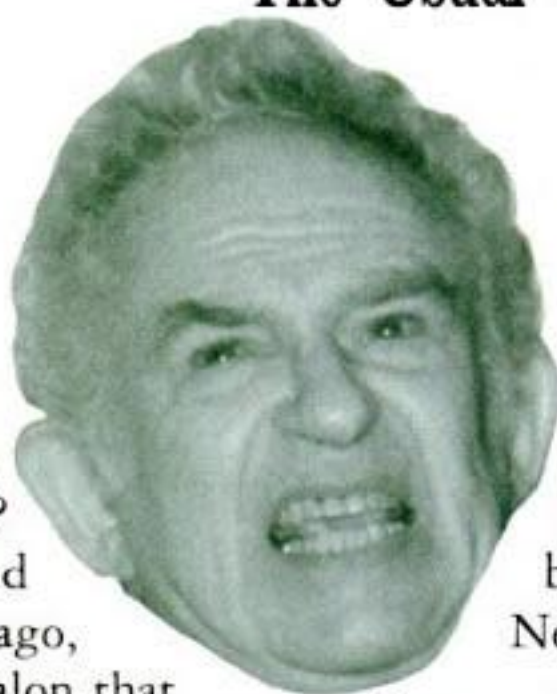
2

Shortly before her guerrilla invasion of the Warner Bros. lot, where she tried to terrorize director **Tim Burton** into casting her in the sequel to *Batman*, jittery madwoman-actress **Sean Young** attended a videocassette-distributors' convention for the purpose of publicizing the video release of her recent flop *A Kiss Before Dying*. Spotting a poster for another springtime clunker already out on video—*The Hard Way*, starring her psychological-torture victim and ex-lover **James Woods**—Young bounded up to the poster, defaced Woods's likeness with a **Hitler** mustache and other unflattering scrawls and then skulked away, giggling like an inpatient.

3

Every morning, early risers at River House, which is among New York's ultrafashionable apartment buildings, are

Sean



Norman

treated to one of the most entertaining spectacles anywhere—the sight of former Rockefeller house slave **Henry Kissinger** taking his black Lab out for a morning defecation. Since New York law requires that dog feces be cleaned up immediately, many overmoneyed Manhattanites actually pay someone else to walk the dog. But Kissinger has found a way to have his cake and eat it too: he holds the dog's leash, and a 40-ish manservant follows him, Baggie in hand, ready to fetch the dung.

4

It was a cool night at a fair in the New York suburbs, and **Bobby Kennedy Jr.** was paternally shepherding a group of boys from ride to ride. Waiting in line for a turn on the giant slide atop a narrow open-air staircase several stories high, Kennedy, kids in tow, shouted to a child several places behind him, "Just shove past! *Just shove past!*" One man in line, who was not identifiably a member of any political

dynasty and was holding a small child in his arms, took exception to all the pushing on such a precarious perch. He and Kennedy argued for a moment, and then the kid squirted through the man's legs and joined Kennedy. "There," Kennedy said snidely, "that wasn't so hard, was it?" "Well, it's a good lesson for a Kennedy," the man shot back. "Whenever you want something, just push everybody else out of the way." Kennedy, speaking of the child who'd obliged his shoving orders, stammered, "Hey, he's—he's not even a Kennedy." ☹



Henry





All the President's Glands

Veteran observers of the presidency could not help but wonder whether George Bush's hyperactive thyroid might have contributed to his aggressive leadership during the Gulf War. We, meanwhile, couldn't help but wonder what would happen if any of the president's *other* glands started to act up. Here are our findings.

Gland: Pituitary

Disorder: Microprolactinomas

Symptoms: Discharge of milk from breasts (both sexes)

Possible consequence: Flesh-pressing appearances during 1992 campaign are canceled when president escalates from kissing babies to nursing them

Gland: Pituitary

Disorder: Gonadotropin deficiency

Symptoms: Testosterone production ceases, causing loss of secondary sex characteristics

Possible consequences: Newsmagazines begin analyzing president's reelection possibilities in terms of "The Eunuch Factor"; president journeys to Norfolk to get big SADDAM BUSTER tattoo on upper arm

Gland: Adrenal

Disorder: Cushing's disease

Symptoms: Profound emotional changes

Possible consequence: When reporters ask president about Richard Gephardt's observation that Bush's capital-gains proposal was "unclear," Bush weeps, says, "Dick, Dick, where did we go wrong?," then barks at his press secretary, "Send him an eyebrow pencil,

Marlin, and tell him where to shove it"

Gland: Pituitary

Disorder: Acromegaly

Symptoms: Coarsening overgrowth of facial features

Possible consequence: President performs uncanny Joe Cocker impersonation at the annual Gridiron Dinner

Gland: Adrenal

Disorder: Addison's disease

Symptoms: Increased skin and nipple pigmentation

Possible consequence: President's grandchildren begin referring to him as "the big brown one" —*Josh Gillette*

The Fine Print

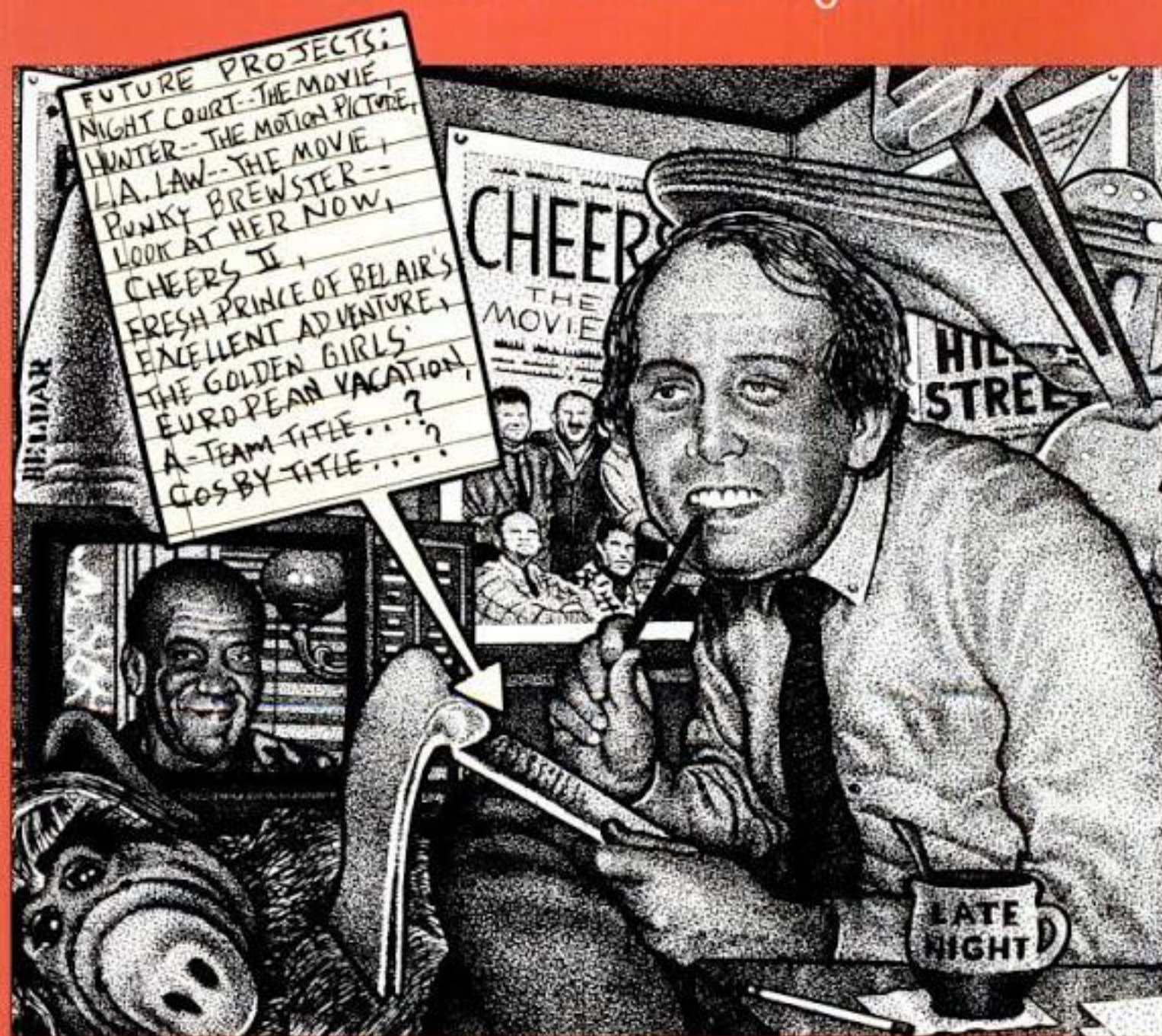


Can't Buy Me Love

Music-industry expert Jeffrey Ressler has sent along an intriguing Paul McCartney bootleg recording. The 35-minute tape is from a 1987 meeting Paul and Linda McCartney had with their attorneys, who happen to be her brother, John Eastman, and her father, Lee Eastman. The discussion begins with some talk about investment bankers ("I like the sound of Morgan Grenfell," says the former Beatle. "It seems like a good power base") but quickly turns to the long-standing legal battle that was being waged by Apple Corps Ltd., owned by the

surviving Beatles and Yoko Ono, against its distributor, Capitol-EMI Records. The suit, which had begun in 1979, concerned several issues, among them royalty payments. Much of the following discussion concerns ill feelings generated by Capitol's favored treatment of McCartney. It seems that in the mid-1980s, McCartney had signed as a solo artist with Capitol; as part of the deal, Capitol had agreed to pay him a higher royalty ▶

Private Lives of Public Figures



Brandon Tartikoff brainstorms in his new office at Paramount Pictures.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

from the old Beatles albums than George, Ringo or Yoko received. That had prompted these three to demand that they be reimbursed—or “equalized”—by Capitol, to be on par with Paul. But let’s listen in and let the McCartney side explain.

Lee: Let’s talk about Capitol....What are we claiming? What are they offering [to settle]?

John: Seven or 8 million pounds...and a [royalty] uplift...from 80 cents a record to \$1.20.

Lee: Now, that would be enough in the United States to cover the other Beatles.

Paul: This is what you discussed with [George, Ringo and Yoko]. What did they say to that?

John: Their response was if Paul was not going to equalize, [they weren’t] going to discuss settlement. I said, “One has nothing to do with the other. Why don’t you find out what’s in the pot before you decide how you want to divide it up?”...A year ago we sat down in London, and I said, “Here we are, directors of [Apple], going forward with a case that costs us as much in [legal] fees a year as that income is.”

Lee: Yeah, what is it costing you a year?

John: It was running somewhere between 60,000 and 75,000 [dollars] a month.

Paul: But basically you tell them the earnings equal the [expense]....

John: [But] they have this idea...that you were desperate to settle it for some nefarious reason.... So I said, “This is not ▶

September Datebook

1 The NFL’s regular season begins. Home viewers commence the autumnal process by which they become intimately familiar with the advertising campaigns of Prestone, AC Delco, GMC Trucks and Black & Decker.

2 Wigstock, the transvestite pageant that has traditionally taken place in the now-closed-for-rehabilitation Tompkins Square Park, relocates to Union Square Park, more often the site of a farmers’ market. Participants make intriguing use of unsold butternut squashes.

4 First day of the National Microbrewers Confer-

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming



ence and Trade Show; Buffalo, New York. Commingle with amiable, bearish men in Pendleton shirts who, upon sampling a regional pilsner, say, “Better ’n sex, ain’t it?”

8 Twenty-fifth anniversary of *Star Trek*’s premiere, and the first night of Rosh Hashanah. Double holiday for Brandeis computer-science majors.

12 The Feast of San Gennaro begins; Little Italy. Tourists eagerly await a gangland massacre *Godfather III*-style but are treated only to the sight

of a local restaurateur performing the Heimlich maneuver on Ed Koch.

15 Norm Crosby turns 64.

17 *Campaign '92 Update—The Race Intensifies:*

Stumping in the South, Arkansas governor Bill Clinton assails Paul Tsongas’s five-point Black-footed Ferret Protection Program as “the warped enviro-nonsense of a confirmed Udallocrat.”

22 Hobbit Day, per the American Tolkien Society. Also, the first night of Sukkoth, the Jewish harvest festival. Second double holiday of the month for Brandeis computer-science majors.

23 Cincinnati’s Sabin Convention



Center is the site of the Finishing ’91 Conference and Exposition. “Rapidly changing technology in industrial coatings is posing both opportunities and challenges for the finishing industry,” says the press release.

We challenge the finishing industry to develop a leather-waterproofing fixative that *doesn’t* make dogs want to eat our shoes.

29 Last day of fiscal ’91. Alas, at press time, the Guy Lombardo orchestra had *not* been booked to play The Waldorf-Astoria this evening. ☾



Blurb-o-Mat Capsule Reviews by Walter Monheit™, the Movie Publicist’s Friend

STEPKIDS, starring Griffin Dunne, Margaret Whitton (New Line) ☹☹☹☹

Walter Monheit says, “May divorce be with you! Here’s a nuclear-family meltdown that’ll leave you glowing! The custody battle for Oscar is a Dunne deal!”

DOGFIGHT, starring River Phoenix, Lili Taylor (Warner Bros.) ☹☹☹☹

Walter Monheit says, “I’d sit up and beg to learn some new tricks from the *Taylor* that wags this *Dog*! Woof, woof! Whoa, Oscar—heel, boy, heel!”

THE PRINCE OF TIDES, starring Nick Nolte (Columbia) ☹☹☹☹

Walter Monheit says, “Surf’s up, friends! But better hurry, for time and *Tides* wait for no man—except a little gold-plated feller named Oscar!”

What the monacles mean: ☹☹☹ — excellent;
☹☹☹☹ — indisputably a classic

SEEK
DRUGS
ROCK
&
ROLL

NOW

AVENUE
PICTURES

the case. What we're talking about is common sense...."

Lee: You mean [they think] Paul is doing this for his own selfish reasons?

Paul: There's never been any doubt [they thought] that. I've been living with that. It's all just me....They feel that I'm so desperate to settle the Apple thing that I will go along with all of this other stuff.

Linda: Paul is desperate like a hole in the head.

John: Yoko is the general; she's always looking under the bed. But Harrison has this idea that there's something lurking in there that requires Paul to settle the Capitol-Apple case.

Linda: [But] Paul is willing to blow up Apple.

John: And Paul, I'm sure, said that to him. But...they don't believe it....

Paul: This is traditional.... When you play Monopoly or chess or whatever, you have to assume that your quote-unquote enemy might have something up his sleeve.

Linda: Well, you know... Yoko has so much up her sleeve, she's bulging.

Paul: After that meeting on December 1...I came into this meeting...ready to blow up Apple. Finger on the plunger. I said, "I'm so fed up with this company—if it all has to go to Maggie and the taxman, fine." Ringo said, "Now, come on, don't be silly." George said, "I can't understand why [you'd] want to do that. You know it'd all go to the taxman."

Linda [aping George's Liverpool accent]: Aye doon't ooonerstahnd....

Paul: I said, "You don't think I want to send it to the taxman, but I don't need this grief. I'm getting on ▶



What's Behind All the Blue Chips?

A Special SPY Consumer Product Investigation

"Blue is most suitable as the color of interior life. Whether slick light sharp high bright thin quick sour new and cool or low deep sweet thick dark soft slow smooth heavy old and warm: blue moves easily among them all, and all profoundly qualify our states of feeling."
—William Gass, *On Being Blue*

Double Fresh cat litter Mark Lewry, general manager, Absorbent Products Group, AIMCOR: "We developed a two-part system: the blue specks were developed to control liquid odor, and the green specks were developed to control solid odor. They visually reinforce—you know, the sky and the green grass and the green trees: they tend to be fresh, clean. Probably if the whole thing were blue or green, people might think it's overkill, react negatively."

Kleen Kitty cat litter Peter Bower, marketing manager, Superior Brands: "The blue specks are clay painted with a nontoxic vegetable-based dye which connote and carry out 'time-release air fresheners.' They convey it by sight. The concept is there. All we're trying to do is use this painted clay to express this to the consumer. They expect something to be there, and so we give it to them."

Certs Tom Furlong, spokesperson, Warner-Lambert: "They're encapsulated flavor beads....They dissolve at a slower rate than the rest of the mint."

Crystal Vanish toilet-bowl cleaner Scott Weiss, director of marketing for bowl-care

products, The Drackett Co.: "They're dyed salt crystals that help enhance the reaction of the product's main ingredient, sodium acid sulfate, to form sulfuric acid....You couldn't possibly make an effective crystal toilet-bowl cleaner without little blue specks. The blue specks are part of the science and the aesthetics that make it click."

Cheer Marie Salvado, spokesperson, Procter & Gamble Soap Sector: "The specks really do not serve a washing purpose, but an aesthetic purpose."

Clorox 2 powdered bleach Sandy Sullivan, spokesperson, The Clorox Co.: "In this country we prefer whites that are a little to the blue side; the blue makes us perceive it as white-white. You want just a tiny bit in there. It's there for a specific purpose; it's not just there because somebody liked blue speckles."

All and Surf detergents Sheryl Smith, PR coordinator and spokesperson, Lever Bros.: "I haven't a clue what they're made of....It's part of the formulation, and it's considered proprietary, and we can't release that information."

—Ellen Rosenthal

OUTER CUTENESS



INNER CUTENESS



The Honeymooners Inc. Kramden and Norton— Goofy Losers or Unlucky Visionaries?

Born too soon, Ralph Kramden and Ed Norton would have thrived in this era of personal-power gurus, cash-flow systems, franchising seminars and 900 numbers. Decades ahead of their time, their harebrained schemes would make them entrepreneurial demiurges today.

—William Shefski

Nutty Honeymooners Get-Rich-Quick Scheme	Actual 1990s Get-Rich-Quick Concept
No-cal pizza	Nutri/System Thick Crust Pizza, Weight Watchers Pizza
KramNor's Mystery Delicious Appetizer (dog food)	Pâté, turkey franks, gourmet dog food
KramNor's Miracle (hair) Restorer	Minoxidil
Used-tire sales	Recycling for profit
Miracle furniture/rug shampoo	DiDi Seven, Citrus Miracle, Dazzle
Kramdens buy handyman's special, rent to Nortons	Preservation, do-it-yourself and investment-property booms
Ralph manages glass-jawed boxer	Don King and Mike Tyson
Ralph and Ed buy TV commercial time to peddle Handy Housewife Helper, a kitchen tool with attachments	Infomercials for products such as Supersnacker and The Daily (mixer)
Ralph sells story of his bizarre illness to magazine	Lyle Alzado in <i>Sports Illustrated</i> , Joseph Heller's <i>No Laughing Matter</i>
Ralph and Ed acquire doomed New Jersey hotel	Trump Taj Mahal



Logrolling in Our Time

"It's beautifully written, witty, riveting, and the best book about achieving your goals since Dale Carnegie wrote his masterpiece."

—Warren Bennis on Harvey MacKay's *Swim With the Sharks*

"Totally intriguing, thought-stretching insights into the clockworks of leaders."

—MacKay on Bennis's *On Becoming a Leader*

"Without question, the most-needed book of the 90's....Offers executives and managers real lifelines to success."

—Warren Bennis on Rosabeth Moss Kanter's *When Giants Learn to Dance*

"Only Warren Bennis could write a book on leadership that is so inspiring and insightful, captivating and wise, eloquent and revealing."

—Kanter on Bennis's *On Becoming a Leader*

"The most important management thinker of our time."

—Warren Bennis on Peter Drucker's *The Practice of Management*

"This is Warren Bennis's most important book."

—Drucker on Bennis's *On Becoming a Leader*

—Howard Kaplan

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

quite nicely in my own affairs, I want a bit of quality of life. I'm ready to blow it up, and to do that, I will withhold promotion fees. It will then be seen as a non-trading company. The government will then [whistles], and that's it—gone. It would be a great pity, but I'm prepared to do that." Before the December 1 meeting, I said to Ringo, "No to promotion fees." He said... "I'm asking for one set of pocket money. I need it. I'm your buddy." He and his wife pleaded personally with me. I said, "Okay, look, [just] one more set of promotion fees."...So he said, "It's a deal. If anyone asks you for more promotion fees after this, I'll be on your side with the plunger. We'll both push it together." I said, "Okay, you've got it. You are my friend. I hate to see you sort of begging me and stuff. So let's just do it."

And of course I don't want this adversarial position anyway....I had come to that meeting wanting one thing—I wanted Apple to be closed down that day. And I capitulated and said, "Well, all right then, look, I'll do you a deal, seeing as you are all my friends. Let's all go to Capitol and try to get you equalized [as part of a settlement]."

Lee: If I were the lawyer to them, I would be glad to settle.

Paul [seething]: They're arrogant! They have big heads! And they're dumb!

Lee: It's such a good settlement for them.

Paul: They are dumb. They really are arrogant. They really think that—someone like Ringo—

Linda: Got that on tape, ►

honey....

Paul: I don't care.

Lee: Get this—they each pick up the same as Paul in the U.S. That's 600,000 a year. They must be insane.

Paul: They'd rather spend that on a lawsuit to get nothing. As John [Eastman] said, they'd rather spend

double that to achieve less.... Good thinking, boys.

Lee: Such madness, Linda.

Linda: Dad, I don't talk anymore, it's such madness.

Paul: This is very similar to the preemption thing [a reference to buyouts of

Apple—Ringo was apparently considering selling his share of the company to an Arab emir]. Ringo, who was holding us all up on the preemption thing, did not understand it. He said,

"You don't want me to sell this thing, do you?" I said,

"No, no, no, if you sell it, you must offer it to George and I." He said, "Well, you know I'd do that." I said,

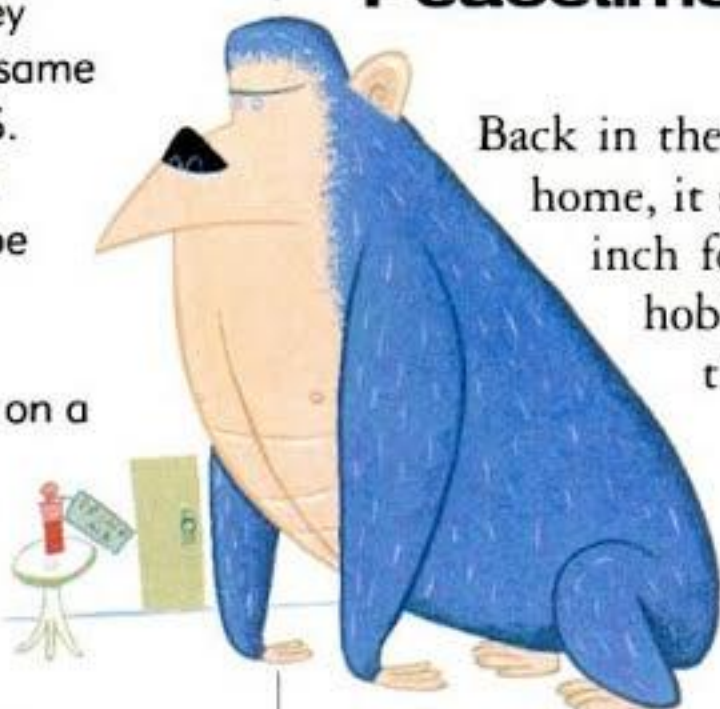
"Could you say that into this tape?" And Ringo said,

"Yeah, but that's not what you're after, you just don't want me to sell, do you?" I said, "You can sell to any bloody Arab on earth, but before you do, allow

George and I to match his offer." He said, "Well, you know I'd do that!" He was drunk by this time.... The point I'm making is, Ringo did not have...half a finger on grasping that issue....

Lee: If they win [legally], they lose [financially].

Paul: But Lee, you're talking to a woman [Yoko] who thinks she can get [Len- ▶



Monday, the Gorilla Took Steroids Tracking the Longest Peacetime Metaphor Expansion in Modern History

Back in the 1980s, bigger was better and more was more. If you owned a home, it skyrocketed in value. If you watched TV, you traded in your 12-inch for a 27-inch and added a few hundred cable channels. If as a hobby you collected garish yachts and brazen hussies, you collected the most garish and brazen ones around.

So why should it have been any different with our metaphors? As the Dow surged past 2,500, and Mike Milken's salary went from seven figures to the mid-nines, the rest of us got swept up in *expansé chic* as well. —David Shenk

I: THE REAGAN YEARS—THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

September 1982: "Much in the manner of **300-pound** gorillas, ex-secretaries of state can do about anything they choose, of course."

—*The Washington Post*

December '83: "[The GOP] is like the proverbial story about the **400-pound** gorilla,' [protester Roger Kallenberg] said. 'It sleeps where it wants.'" —UPI

July '84: "Sometimes trouble leaps up in your face like a **500-pound** gorilla."

—*National Law Journal*

February '85: "At the same time, American Airlines, the nimble **750-pound** gorilla (to United's **900-pound** version), kicked off the new year with its 'Ultimate Super Saver [campaign].'" —*The Washington Post*

April '85: "There is a **1,000-pound** gorilla at the end of the road who says he'll put a v-e-t-o on anything that comes [along]."

—Rep. Thomas A. Daschle (D-S.D.)

June '85: "Now, with the purchase of Pan Am's Pacific routes and Hertz, [United is] a **1,500-pound** gorilla."

—Daniel Bohan, manager of Omega Travel (in *Travel Weekly*)

April '86: "Like the proverbial **2,000-pound** gorilla, IBM can sit anywhere it wants to in the computer industry."

—*Modern Office Technology*

December '87: "One reluctant program

director, Malcolm Wall of station KETA in Oklahoma City, called [*The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*] 'a **3,000-pound** gorilla.'" —*The New York Times*

July '88: "[The gender gap] is the two-ton [**4,000-pound**] gorilla of George Bush's campaign."

—Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D-Colo.)

August '88: "We are not a 300-ton [**600,000-pound**] gorilla looking for a seat in the middle of [the cable-TV] industry."

—H. Laird Walker, spokesperson, U.S. West Co.

September '88: "The toxic threat is like a 12,000-ton [**24-million-pound**] gorilla. You just can't afford to ignore it very long." —Mark Henry, city commissioner, Dayton, Ohio

II. A KINDER, GENTLER NATION—AND A PRECIPITOUS SHRINKAGE

August '90: "At the moment, [Larry Hagman] was the 50-ton [**100,000-pound**] gorilla...the hottest actor on TV."

—*Los Angeles Times*

September '90: "Bobby Bullpen, where are you? A 10-ton [**20,000-pound**] gorilla on the mound..." —*The Sporting News*

March '91: "[The UNLV basketball team] is a two-ton [**4,000-pound**] gorilla." —Rick Majerus, University of Utah coach

April '91: "'I'm the **400-pound** gorilla' on defense policy, said [House Armed Services Committee chair Les] Aspin."

—*Los Angeles Times* ▶

Forget Peoria: Will It Play in Pyongyang?

Every annoying movie-lover you know takes pains to betray an easy familiarity with the writings of Rafferty, Sarris, Canby and Monheit. But the true cineast knows there is a stronger, more distinctive voice at work in the trenches of film criticism, and it belongs to Kim Jong Il—or, as he is more affectionately known, Dear Comrade Kim Jong Il, Secretary of the Korean Workers' Party and Lode-star of the Nation. Film enthusiasts from Bleecker Street to Berkeley cherish the son of North Korean president Kim Il Sung (and a man whose very name means "One Right Way Kim") as the boldest critical maverick since James Agee and Manny Farber. "Each scene," he once wrote, "must be dramatic."

In his recently translated work, the ground-breaking *On the Art of the Cinema*, the future president of the Socialist Paradise frankly assesses *Five Guerrilla Brothers* ("A masterpiece [that] could never have been discovered without studying

the life of the Os, including O Jung Hwa and O Jung Hup") and *The Flower Girl* ("The life-story of the warm-hearted heroine Ggot Bun....A masterpiece"). One doesn't have to look any farther than the chapter headings to get a sense of this critic's extraordinary range: "Makeup is a noble art"; "Speed campaign is fundamental to the creation of revolutionary art and literature"; "The best words are full of meaning and easy to understand." And at one point Kim notes, as none has before, "A person with a low level of technical skill cannot make an excellent technician."

His blunt outspokenness—"The best possible use should be made of music and sound"; "A screen portrayal demands first-class filming techniques"—won't please those who prefer to make the worst possible use of music and sound and rely on third-class filming techniques.



But Kim is a man unafraid of charting his own course. Occa-

sionally he defers to that other great auteurist, his father (who once suggested, "Scriptwriters should be efficient in their treatment of events, instead of just jumbling them together"), but at heart his aim is to make us see the cinema—indeed, the world—with new eyes: "When he views the dam of a hydroelectric power station, the cameraman should not concentrate initially on its magnificence."

Close readers of his work are aware of the Secretary's admiration for masterworks of the North Korean cinema like *When We Pick Apples*, *We Are the Happiest* and *The Fate of a Self-defence Corps Man* ("A film of great significance"). But what would the Dear Comrade make of the latest cinematic offerings in the West? Herewith, a Kim-o-Meter appraisal of some recent American hits. —Pico Iyer

KIM'S TENETS	FILM	"Guard against coarseness and crudity in facial makeup, as well as excessive exaggeration"	"If an actor can smile or cry on request he is merely capricious"	"Conflicts should be settled in accordance with the law of class struggle"	"The characteristically photogenic face is a typical Korean face"	KIM-O-METER
	<i>Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze</i>	Here, alas, the eponymous Turtles are notorious offenders.	Bitchin', dude! Not a caprice in sight.	Totally rad! The mutants are nothing if not revolutionary.	No problem! Where do you think ninjas come from?	Comrade Oscar should have his hands full with these guys!
	<i>Home Alone</i>	Nothing seems excessive in this exquisitely controlled masterpiece.	Disgustingly, Culkin seems to cry and smile on request.	Every struggle is classy here! A metaphor for how one country can defeat the world.	Sadly, and inexplicably, Culkin has nothing Korean about him.	No way, José—though the director <i>could</i> yet prove himself to be Korean.
	<i>New Jack City</i>	Word! These guys dress down instead of up.	Def! The so-called Method is sheer madness.	Fresh! The status quo gets its ass kicked.	Sure thing! This is what they mean by Seoul Man.	Fair enough, but <i>The Fate of a Self-defence Corps Man</i> it isn't.
	<i>Truth or Dare</i>	Though scene after scene involves makeup, the Material Girl guards herself heroically against the coarse and crude.	Video verité all the way: Madonna (almost) never cries, and certainly not on request.	The first law of class struggle: Madonna always wins. The Boy Toy is the perpetual revolution on two legs!	Probably the film's only weakness—though nothing a little plastic surgery couldn't help.	Four thumbs up! But Madonna? She's no Ggot Bun.

non-McCartney's publishing company] Northern Songs for 5 million...who said ATV [Northern's owner] stunk, and now agrees, £4 million later—by the way, that's £4 million each we've lost on that—"you were right." This is the arrogance of the whole thing.

Lee: It is very simple—I write a song with you [meaning Linda], and you are my partner....

Linda: I understand so well, Dad....

Lee: I don't want an Arab as my partner if I can help it. That's all. So I say, "Linda, if you ever sell—"

Linda: "—offer it to me for the same amount." I understand it all.

Lee: "—give me a chance to have it; I don't want to have an Arab for a partner."

Linda: I don't understand why they didn't take what Capitol offered them.

Paul: Let me tell you why. I am one of them....When we were in the Beatles, if someone said, "Your voice is worth £5," and someone came up and said, "I'll give you £4.50 for it," you'd say, "No, my voice is worth more." Now, when you are in the Beatles, that's fine, because you've got all the power like the Jacksons have got now. It's no longer like that, and they don't know that. They will not admit that they now might just collect and run. They are going to fight....

The action by Apple against Capitol-EMI was settled out of court last year. It has been reported that George, Ringo, Yoko and Apple Corps (in which Paul has a financial interest) shared more than \$80 million. ☛

Naked City

Have You Ever Been to Ba-DUMP?



We don't pretend to understand how geographic locations get their names, but we've noticed that a remarkable number of them sound like drum riffs one can play on a trap set. Here are just a few examples.

Acajutla, El Salvador
Amchitka, Alaska
Baba Hatim, China
Baden-Baden, Germany
Ba-don, Vietnam
Bam, Iran
Bamba, Mali
Ban Bungxai, Laos
Bangkok, Thailand
Battambang, Cambodia
Baubau, Indonesia
Bombala, Australia
Bondoukou, Ivory Coast
Bucaramanga, Colombia
Budop, Vietnam
Bumba, Zaire
Calapan, Philippines
Caracajou, Alberta
Caratinga, Brazil
Chacabuco, Argentina
Chichigalpa, Nicaragua
Chidambaram, India
Chittagong, Bangladesh
Copacabana (beach), Brazil
Coquimbo, Chile
Corumbá, Brazil
Cubolco, Guatemala

Dakovica, Yugoslavia
Djambala, Congo
Djombang, Indonesia
Dudinka, USSR
Duong Dong, Vietnam
Galápagos Islands
Guanabacoa, Cuba
Huatabampo, Mexico
Kalampáka, Greece
Kampala, Uganda
Kapingamarangi (atoll), Pacific Islands
Kara Kum, China
Karonga, Malawi
Keokuk, Iowa
Ketapang, Indonesia
Khatanga, USSR
Kogaluk (river), Newfoundland
Kokomo, Indiana
Kompong Thom, Cambodia
Kota Tinggi, Malaysia
Koyukuk (river), Alaska
Kyaukpadaung, Burma
Lackawanna, New York
Machanga, Mozambique
Machu Picchu, Peru

Macumba (river), Australia
Makokou, Gabon
Malacca, Malaysia
Mandinga, Panama
Maramba, Zambia
Otumba, Mexico
Paducah, Kentucky
Pukapuka (atoll), French Polynesia
Rakahanga (atoll), Northern Cook Islands
Riobamba, Ecuador
Rio Chico, Venezuela
Takasaki, Japan
Tarapáca, Colombia
Tarapoto, Peru
Tehachapi, California
Tipitapa, Nicaragua
Titicaca (lake), Peru
Tombouctou, Mali
Topolobampo, Mexico
Ubangi (river), Africa
Urubamba (river), Peru
Waccasassa (bay), Florida
Wetumka, Oklahoma
Zumpango, Mexico

—Philip J. Frankenfeld

What's in a Name?

Our Periodic Anagram Analysis

WARREN BEATTY
TART-BAR WEENY

CLARENCE THOMAS
TOLERANCE CHASM

ROBERT M. GATES
GREAT MOBSTER

THE REPUBLICANS
HAS-BEEN CULT—R.I.P.

NIA PEEPLES'S PARTY
MACHINE
A MANIC THERAPY: SEE NIPPLES

—Andy Aaron



Cartoon by Greg Fiering

Has a Guy Named Colonel Mustard Ever Really Been in a Conservatory With a Lead Pipe?

The other night on *McMillan and Wife* (we've got it on tape), the villain picked up a brass fireplace poker and bludgeoned a guest star to death. John Adams, chairman of the eponymous Dubuque manufacturers of the poker, is accustomed to such outrages. On TV, pokers seldom rearrange smoldering logs; they're more likely to be rearranging somebody's skull.

Granted, they're a lot more plausible than guns that fire when you play the piano, steel-brimmed derbies and other murder weapons in fiction. And there are documented cases of assassination with a poisoned umbrella tip and murder-by-bowling-ball. But are pokers popular in drawing-room detective stories because of historical precedent, or because you can't effectively kill someone with a samovar or a potted hydrangea?

Our search for an answer took us first to the Bureau of Justice Statistics, in Washington. The bureau's statistics suggest that most TV writers have rather more vivid imaginations than most actual murderers: of the 21,500 homicides in the U.S. in 1989, *none* were reportedly committed using pokers.

But this data contains a crucial flaw. If a poker is swung like a bat, the bureau considers it a "blunt object" (along with the hammers, clubs, bricks and tire irons used to crush 1,280 skulls last year). And if plunged into an eye or an abdomen, it might be a "stabbing instrument." Thus, the dearth of poker-fatality statistics might be misleading.

We turned next to some experts with firsthand poker-handling experience. Ron Pulone owns Sunset Fireplace Fixtures in City of Industry, California. One of the world's premier poker manufacturers, Sunset also produced a fireplace screen seen on *Cosby* and some of the fireplace tools used in the White House living room. "I can't recall anyone's getting killed with a poker in L.A.," said Pulone. "They just shoot them."

John Adams says the only poker deaths he knows about have been on TV. Adams sees no reason to restrict sales of even his heaviest pokers (neither personal identification nor "an affidavit saying it won't be used in a murder" is required). Besides, "the poker is a more wicked-looking tool, [but] the tongs would be a more agonizing death."

Joel Potter, for 24 years a New York City policeman, has personally investigated hundreds of murders. Not one has appeared to be poker-related. "You struck out with me," Potter told us. "There's two other men here. One guy has a vague recollection of hearing about one." Potter also thinks he remembers a murder-by-icicle. "But maybe it was one of those *Columbo* jobs."

—Greg Raver-Lampman and Derek Nelson

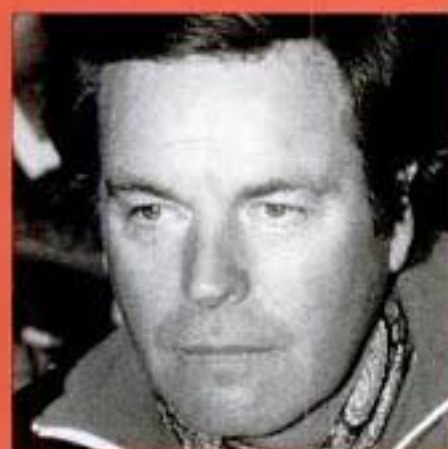


Illustration by Ross MacDonald

Separated at Birth?



Peter Jennings...



and Robert Wagner?



Katarina Witt...



and Robert McNamara?



William Rehnquist...



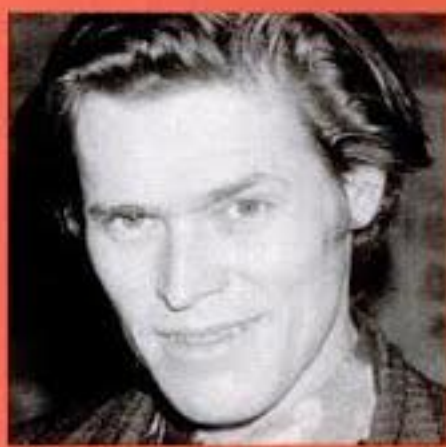
and Lon Chaney?



Kuwaiti prime minister Al-Abdullah A. Al-Sabah...



and Little Richard?

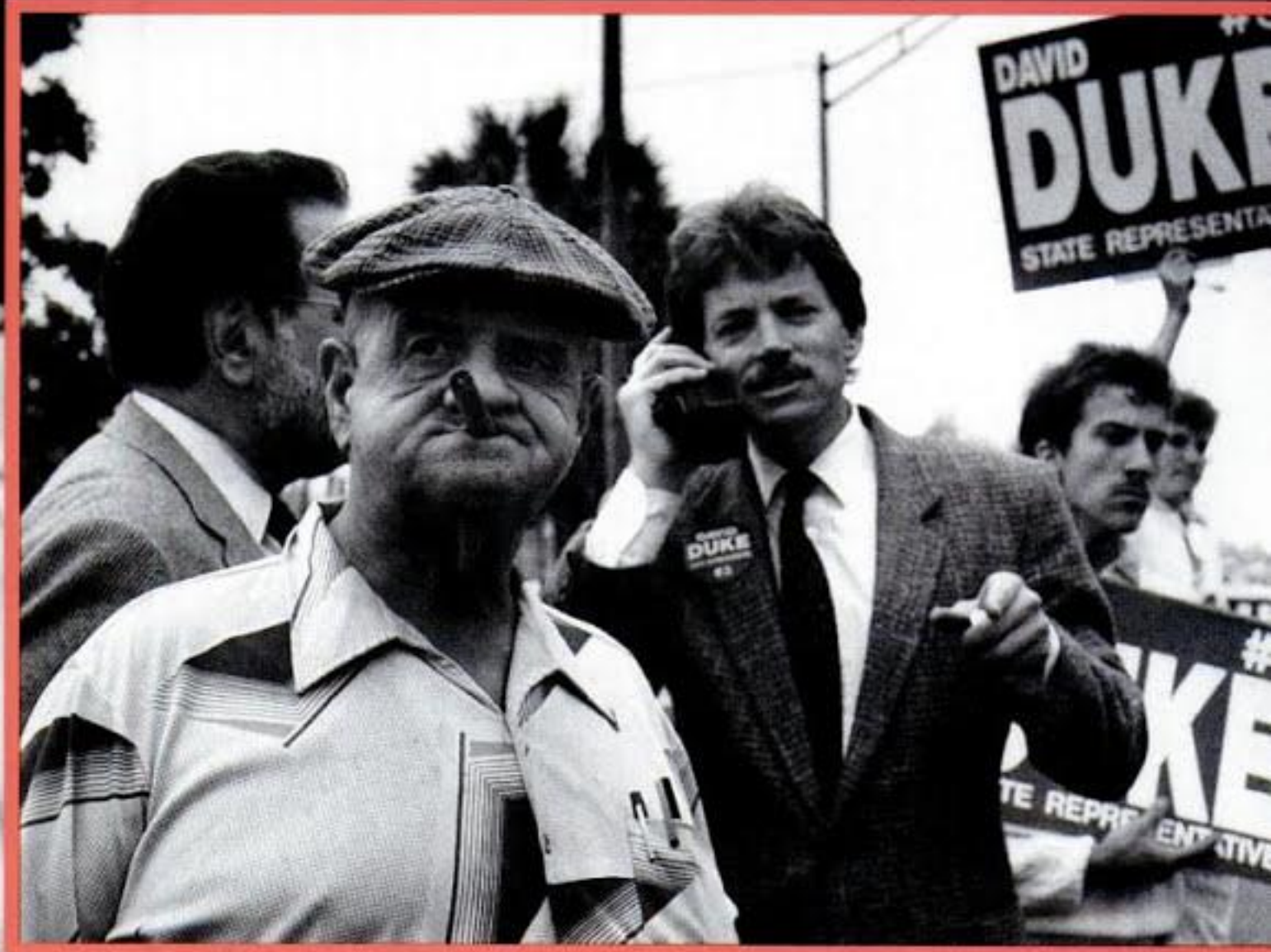
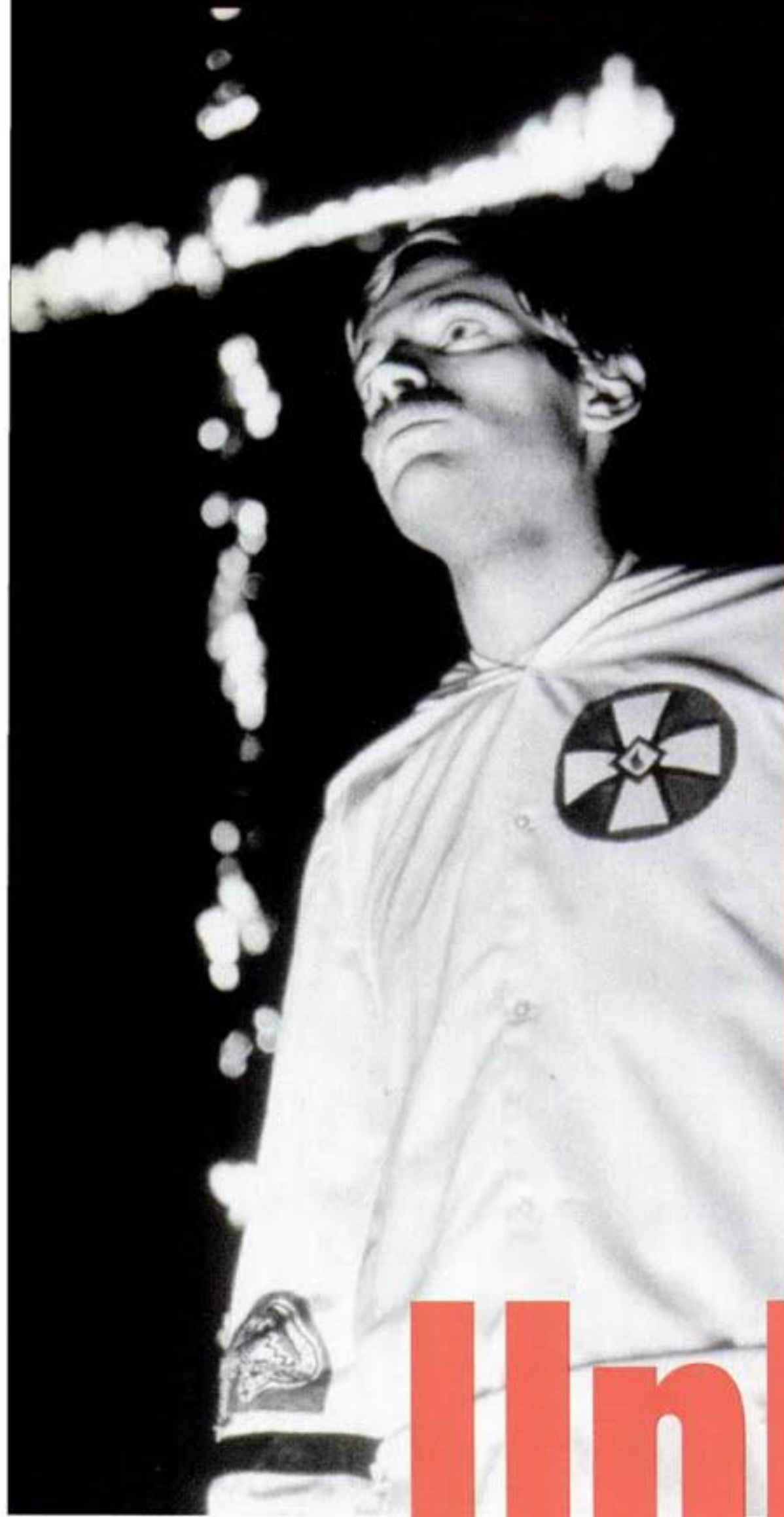


Willem Dafoe...



and Lotte Lenya?

Almost all of you hate David Duke, but nearly none of you know the half of it. Just examine this dossier detailing Duke's



“Conduct Unbecommi a Racist”

by *Andrea Rider*

IT HAS BEEN 16 YEARS SINCE DAVID DUKE achieved national prominence through his leadership of the Ku Klux Klan and affiliation with the American Nazi Party, and nothing about these past associations has managed to slow his ascent. No doubt some of this is due to his success in becoming the thoroughly modern extremist. Charismatic, surgically handsome, schooled in saying the unspeakable in cool and even tones, shrewd enough to at once hobble and benefit from Clarence Thomas with an endorsement, he is the Klansman in the sharp suit, the reasonable racist, the chaos lurking in the box that Bush and Atwater opened Pandorically with Willie Horton in 1988. Elected to the Louisiana State Legislature in 1989, he ran for the United States Senate last year and took 44 percent of the vote — an alarming, embarrassing figure. And now he is running for governor of Louisiana in next month's election. And he may win.

But while David Duke has managed to profit from his past as a hater, there are other stories from his past that have received less attention: accounts of a voracious sexual appetite, of selling out his friends for money, of greed, of consorting with would-be drug dealers. Now, these acts may not matter much to those who are appalled by Duke's racism. But for those who believe that the more extreme a right-winger someone is, the more personally scrupulous he is as well, these findings should mark the end of that myth.

HI, I'M DAVID DUKE. WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET THE LITTLE DUKE?

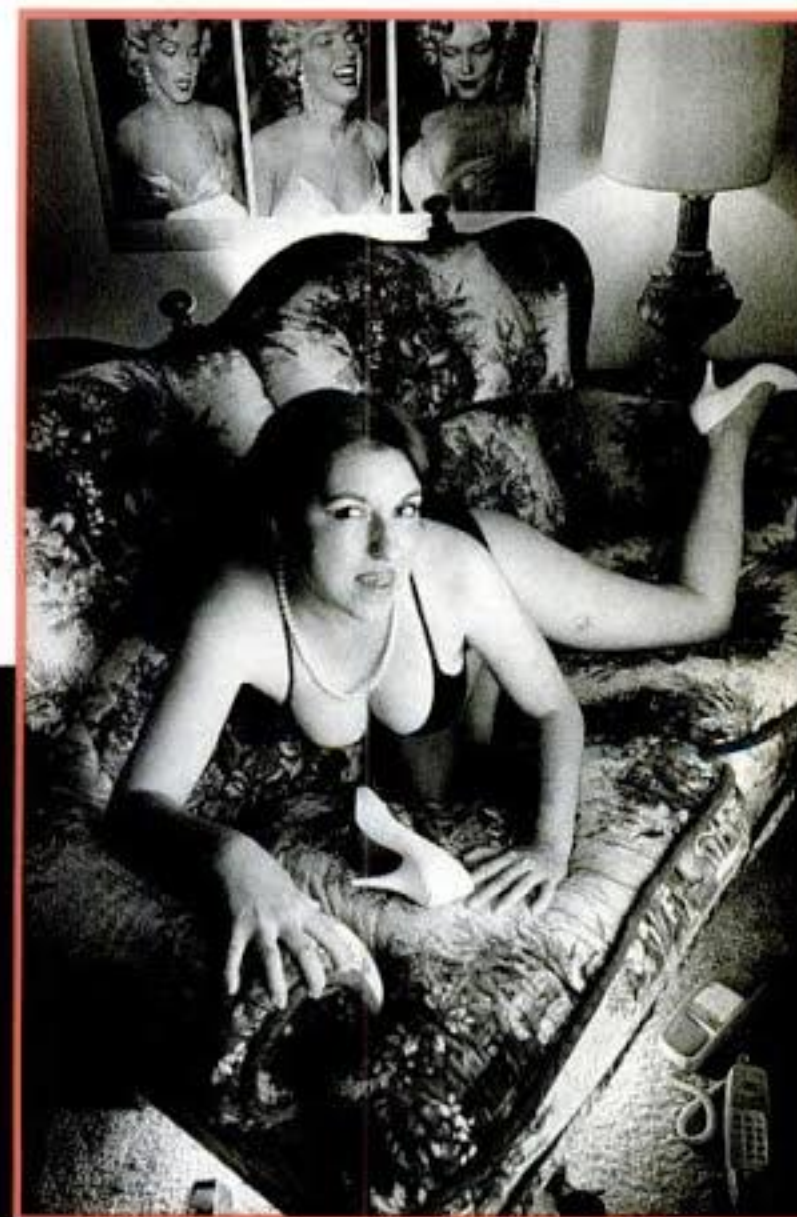
When one thinks back to Robert Shelton, the onetime Imperial Wizard of the Klan whose creased face and narrow eyes we came to know during the 1960s, one cannot imagine him saying, "We are the

Klan with sex appeal." The statement, instead, is David Duke's, uttered in 1976, when he was 26, and from him it's not a bit unimaginable. He is, after all, a child of his generation — cool, swingy, a man who blow-dries his hair and cares enough about his looks to have had plastic surgery and who has written a smarmy sex manual for women [see "Sex and the Single Bigot," April]. But mostly the phrase seems so believable because there are so many reports of David Duke's preoccupation with sex. In spite of his automatic endorsements of family values, in spite of the warm photographs of him with his virginal teenage daughters, in spite of his claims to adhere to Christian values, sexual satisfaction seems to be a compulsion for him.

Let's begin in the late 1970s. Nancy Manning, a 20-year-old high school dropout from Florida, was working as a stripper in a suburb of Denver and augmenting her income by turning tricks. In the course of things, Manning developed a crush on Fred Wilkins, who was active in the Colorado chapter of the Klan. One week David Duke, who had headed the Louisiana Knights of the Ku Klux Klan since 1975, came west to help Wilkins recruit new members, and Manning signed up. "I was never a racist," she explained to SPY earlier this year. "I just had a crush on Fred." When the recruiter asked her occupation, Manning said stripper.

Before long, Duke and Wilkins visited Manning at her place of business. As Manning recalls, "Around midnight, Fred came in with this guy that

RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY: Below, Klan groupie Nancy Manning at her current place of business in Arizona. **Opposite: left,** Duke the Klansman, 1978; **right,** Duke the candidate, 1989



In Which We Learn About the White Supremacist's Night With a Stripper, His Pornography Collection, His Sellout of His Fellow

Klansmen, His Involvement in a Ludicrous Foreign Coup and His Connection to Would-be Cocaine Magnates and Gay Nazis

I recognized from pictures. I knew that it was David Duke. I was up there buck naked, dancing. They were grinning at me and drinking, and I thought, *This is hypocritical, because they're supposed to be Christians.* [After the show] I went and sat with them. David paid for all the drinks.

"As the evening progressed," she continues, "it became clear to me that Fred wanted me to go with David." When her shift ended, they headed for Fred's house. "David was all over me in the backseat. Fred was looking at us in the rearview mirror. I thought that was kind of creepy."

Once they arrived, Duke "got undressed and lay down on the bed," says Manning in a chirpy voice. "He put his arms above his head and said, *Do what you will, I only want to please you.* You know, like he was the submissive. I thought, *Oh, my God, one of those.* He said, 'Pretend that it's a vanilla-ice-cream cone, honey.' I couldn't resist saying, 'Not chocolate, right?' So then we screwed and went to bed. It wasn't a real fun experience. He's built really small, and he has a small penis."

Manning claims she saw Duke once more, on a flight; he talked to her on the plane but ignored her in the airport. He continues to send her Christmas cards engraved with little poems ("Honor the man who is willing to sink/Half his reputation for his freedom to think") and fundraising letters. It is less likely that she receives these communiqués because he fondly remembers their tryst than because her name is on some mailing list.

After her evening with Duke, Manning continued to stay in contact with Fred Wilkins, but they are now estranged. Wilkins admitted to SPY that he knew Manning but insists that their relationship was platonic, and that Manning is a nut. He wrote Manning a letter in January 1991 that read, "David called me New Year's Day to wish me good luck. We had a nice long talk. We also talked about you. Nancy, you are a joke! Seek help and get your act together and *grow up!*" She now lives in Phoenix, where she works as a prostitute under the name Amber, advertising herself in *The Bachelor's Beat*, a sort of shopper's circular for johns. After she spoke to SPY, Manning says, she called an attorney who represents right-wing extremists and told him what she had told us. "We're not real happy you did that," the lawyer reportedly told her.

So what?, you say. *Sure, he was married, and sure, at 29, he wasn't exactly a kid, and sure, he presented himself as an exemplar of Chris-*

tian values, but this was 12 years ago, and boys, after all, will be boys.

And compulsives, after all, will be compulsive. According to Karl Hand, who was one of Duke's chief lieutenants in the Louisiana Klan, Duke was constantly on the prowl. From a pay phone at the Hunt Correctional Institute in Louisiana, where he is serving time for attempted murder, Hand described Duke's behavior. "I know that it's politically advantageous for him to proclaim that he's a devout Christian," Hand told SPY, "but he's far removed from that. He had no qualms about putting the make on anyone's wife or girlfriend, and the flak always came back to me, because I was his national organizer. He was portraying himself as a family man, with his wife and two kids, but at the same time, he was involved in these sexual escapades." Hand's recollections echo sentiments expressed in an article on Duke that appeared in *Southern* magazine in 1987. "We had to get David out," one Klansman said. "He was seducing all the wives."

"He's got a problem," says Hand. "It's not just a sexual thing. He has to go ahead and prove himself and display this type of behavior openly to prove his masculinity." Certainly this trait has impressed itself upon several journalists in recent years. *Southern's* Pat Jordan reported Duke's remarking on a young woman's chest. "Doesn't she have great breasts?" Duke exclaimed. "They're not big, but they're perfect. Perfect breasts, they always make me horny." Lucian Truscott, who profiled Duke for *Esquire* in 1989, described Duke's "arm-punching macho bullshit, always saying, *Hey, get a load of those great legs!*" A journalist for a Louisiana newspaper who has covered Duke regularly but requested anonymity ("You know, I have to live down here") says such behavior is typical.

In our interview, Karl Hand was also able to confirm the existence of Duke's pornography collection. "I investigated that one personally and found pornography right

"Duke puts on being a ladies' man," says a former supporter, "but I think he just hates women"

in his own nightstand, in the top drawer," said Hand. "He had



HOT ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL: Duke, a man whose libido never left the 1970s, adds his own special meaning to the phrase *press the flesh*.



photos of black men with white women, all positions actually. The one that I saw myself had one white guy, one black guy and a white girl. She was performing various acts on both of them at the same time. His wife, Chloe, tipped me off to this." The whole thing led Hand, in all seriousness, to judge Duke guilty of "conduct unbecoming a racist."

Or conduct unbecoming anybody. Linda Melton is a businesswoman from Monroe, Louisiana, who volunteered to work on Duke's U.S. Senate campaign in 1990 but soon became appalled by his behavior and quit. Melton told SPY that Duke missed an important fundraising meeting because he "ended up out till three or four o'clock in the morning in a real sleazy, sleazy, I mean we're talking redneck sleazy, after-hours club in west Monroe with some real trashy-looking girl." During that campaign Duke was often introduced at rallies by a bosomy Bourbon Street dancer named Chris Owens, which added to his reputation as a swinger. Still, Linda Melton has doubts about how much of a lothario Duke really is. "David Duke puts on being a ladies' man," she says, "but I think that's a big cover. I think he hates women."

DEAR H.&R. BLOCK: I WAS RECENTLY OFFERED 30 PIECES OF SILVER FOR VIOLATING A SECRECY OATH. IS THAT CONSIDERED EARNED INCOME?

Most of those who have written about Duke have treated at face value his decision in 1980 to leave the Klan and form the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Duke explains the move with one of his swerves into yuppie savviness. "I had joined the Klan because of those robes," he once said. "They made good copy, you know. Good pictures. But after a while, all those guys with the green teeth, they got to me."

Klansmen have their own version of events, which is that they had grown disenchanted with their leader. As Karl Hand says, "He became known for what he was, which is a very unscrupulous person." The last straw came in 1980, when, as James Ridgeway reports in his book *Blood in the Face*, Duke violated the Klan secrecy oath by attempting to sell for personal profit the organization's membership list to Bill Wilkinson, a dissident Klan leader who was forming his own group. Wilkinson had approached Duke about purchasing the Knights' confidential membership list and slyly videotaped Duke bargaining the price up to \$35,000, money that Duke would have pocketed. Wilkinson then threatened to play the video at a Klan meeting; shortly thereafter, Duke left the organization. Later it came out that Wilkinson had been an FBI informant since the mid-1970s, and his group crumbled; it is unclear whether he was acting at the FBI's behest when he stung Duke into selling out his cohorts.

Duke by then was already an old hand at quick-buck schemes. In 1973, under the name Mohammed X, Duke

wrote and published *African Atto*, a 70-page street-fighting manual for blacks. An ad for the book that appeared in several black newspapers was headlined WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME WHITEY CALLED YOU NIGGER? and

THEY SAY THEY'RE FRIENDLIER IN DIXIE: Left, Klan dude Bill Wilkinson—Duke wanted to sell him a secret Klan membership list for \$35,000. Right, Duke indulges in one of the carefree pastimes of youth.

GAS THE CHICAGO



claimed, "AFRICAN ATTO will turn your Body into BLACK STEEL" with newfound "power that translates to sex appeal!" and "will attract loving, beautiful women." Interesting phrasing, given the man's taste in pornography.

Duke has conjured up different explanations about *African Atto*, varying with the image he was projecting at the time. First he denied authorship. Then he claimed he had written it as part of a scheme to discover the names of "the most radical blacks in the United States so that when the time comes, we will know where they are." During the 1980s, Duke reportedly pointed to the manual as an example of the menace that black militants posed. By the time he ran for senator, he was admitting authorship again, defending the handbook as a spoof that exposed "the latent racism of blacks," as "satire in the best tradition of Jonathan Swift."

Duke apparently realized that publishing Swiftian black-street-fighting handbooks was no way to make big money and tried other schemes, among them selling tapes by mail. Duke became a sort of KKK-Tel, selling as recently as 1989—the year he became an elected official—cassettes of such songs as "Nigger, Nigger," "Some Niggers Never Die" and "Nigger Hatin' Me," which begins with the lyrics "Now I like sugar and I like tea/But I don't like niggers, no siree/There's two durn things that will make me puke/That's a hog eatin' slop and a big black spook." But note: According to its catalog, his company did "not necessarily endorse all the ideas contained in these tapes. We offer them in the spirit of honest historical inquiry."

Then again, perhaps nobody bought the tapes. In 1990 the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* reported that Duke had filed no state income-tax returns for the years 1984 to '87. Duke at first denied the charge, then claimed he was exempt from the requirement because he had earned less than \$12,000 a year. But the paper also quoted Duke's stockbroker, Charles Safford, as saying that during this

period, Duke had invested heavily in the stock market. The paper also reported that Duke made regular trips to Las Vegas, where he was a more than casual bettor. One of Duke's ex-girlfriends, Gwen Udell, says that Duke often had thousands of dollars on the table at a time. Udell also recalls celebrating Hitler's birthday with Duke and driving him to the office of Dr. Calvin Johnson, the plastic surgeon who helped Duke enhance his Aryan looks with a nose job, a chin implant and chemical peels.

One wonders about where the money came from. Could it have come from all those Duke supporters who think he is a good Christian? In 1987, Duke was arrested in Forsyth County, Georgia, where he was leading a march, for parading without a permit. He set up a legal-defense fund and raised \$20,000. His offense netted him a \$55 fine; according to Lance Hill of the Louisiana Coalition Against Racism and Nazism, the rest of the money has not been accounted for. Former Duke campaigner Linda Melton describes the Duke Senate campaign's sloppy handling of campaign contributions. She told SPY about one fundraising event where the campaign collected vast amounts of cash. The money was stuffed into black Hefty bags, which Duke carried upstairs, where he was alone with them for a while. He then brought them down and threw them into the back of a truck. "I had never seen so much cash in my life," Melton recalls. "It was mind-boggling." Melton says no records were kept about contributors or amounts. An official of the Federal Election Commission who examined the

Duke campaign's filings in the presence of a SPY reporter noted that Duke had personally lent his campaign more than \$77,000 and said, "I'd like to see his tax returns."

THE GAY NAZI DRUG-DEALER-WANNA-BE FRIENDS OF DAVID DUKE

It was one of those remarkable little stories that blip into consciousness and then disappear: On April 27, 1981, ten men, most of them with ties to the Klan or to neo-Nazi organizations, were arrested in Louisiana by federal agents for plotting to overthrow the government of the Caribbean nation of Dominica. Among them were Michael Perdue of Houston, a man with Nazi affiliations; Don Black of the Louisiana Klan; and Wolfgang Droege of the Canadian Klan. In Perdue the group had as its leader a man who made up for a lack of cunning with sheer incompetence. "We sometimes had trouble suppressing our laughter in meetings with Perdue," a federal officer told the *Dallas Times Herald*. One time, for example, Perdue arrived early for a meeting with police operatives and came upon them installing recording equipment. He picked up a tapping device and examined it without getting an inkling of what was happening. "They were clowns," Lindsay Larson III, the prosecutor of the case, told SPY. "Dangerous, but clowns."

The men planned to sail to Dominica, overthrow the existing government and reinstate the vaguely socialist former prime minister. Perdue intended then to set up a cocaine laboratory, from which he hoped to earn millions

WHO, ME?

David Duke took the time to speak with SPY about our findings. Here are his comments.

ON HIS FAILURE TO FILE STATE INCOME-TAX RETURNS: "First off, I've always paid my taxes....What happened was that I didn't file my state income taxes for a couple of years, and that was because my threshold of income was lower than what was required." (*Duke, by the way, doesn't always pay his taxes. Records show he failed to pay \$1,263 worth of property taxes in 1990 and 1991.*)

ON WHERE HE GOT \$77,000 TO LEND HIS CAMPAIGN: "First, I borrowed \$50,000 on my home....The records are clear....I borrowed some money on my credit cards as well." (*According to Duke expert Lance Hill, the records aren't at all clear. They show that Duke took out a mortgage on his home in 1984, not 1990.*)

ON THE DOMINICA ADVENTURE: "First off, I wasn't involved in that Dominica thing at all....There is no evidence whatsoever that dope was in any way a major part of [the] plan....Very early this fellow by the name of Perdue talked to me....I said, 'Well, I'm not interested in doing anything with it, but if you want to talk to some patriots or some anticommunists, I'll give you some names.'"

ON GWEN UDELL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF DUKE: "Gwen Udell is one of those—was a former girlfriend, and former girlfriends and former boyfriends, you know, whose relationship ended unfortunately, it's hard to take everything that's said from a person with complete assurance. But no, it's not really true [that I celebrated Hitler's birthday], and I certainly reject fascism, communism and Nazism."

ON KARL HAND'S ALLEGATIONS ABOUT A PORNOGRAPHY COLLECTION: "Well, Karl is in prison for attempted murder, and he's had a lot of difficulty in his life....I'm appalled that you'd even entertain such a question. That's just totally untrue."

ON NANCY MANNING'S ALLEGATIONS: "There's some nut named Nancy Manning running around....[The accusation that we had sex is] totally ridiculous....The woman is—I don't want to be sued, but she's unstable. I mean, the woman is totally off her rocker."

ON LINDA MELTON'S ALLEGATIONS ABOUT HEFTY BAGS FULL OF CASH: "Linda Melton was a disgruntled [campaign] worker who did not get the position she wanted. But every penny was accounted for. In fact, I never touched the money."

ON HIS CONTINUED ASSOCIATION WITH DON BLACK: "He did some computer work for us in the statehouse campaign a long time ago, just like about \$120 worth....He's married to my ex-wife, so he's around my children, so it's not like I'm not going to associate with him....Anyway, that's kind of a silly thing to mention."

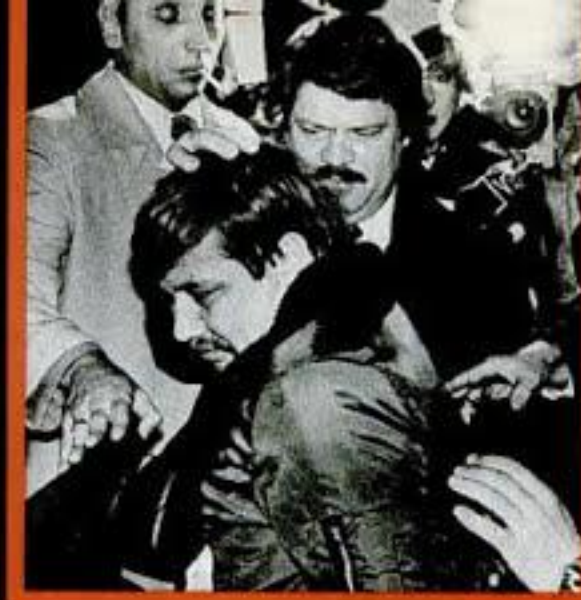
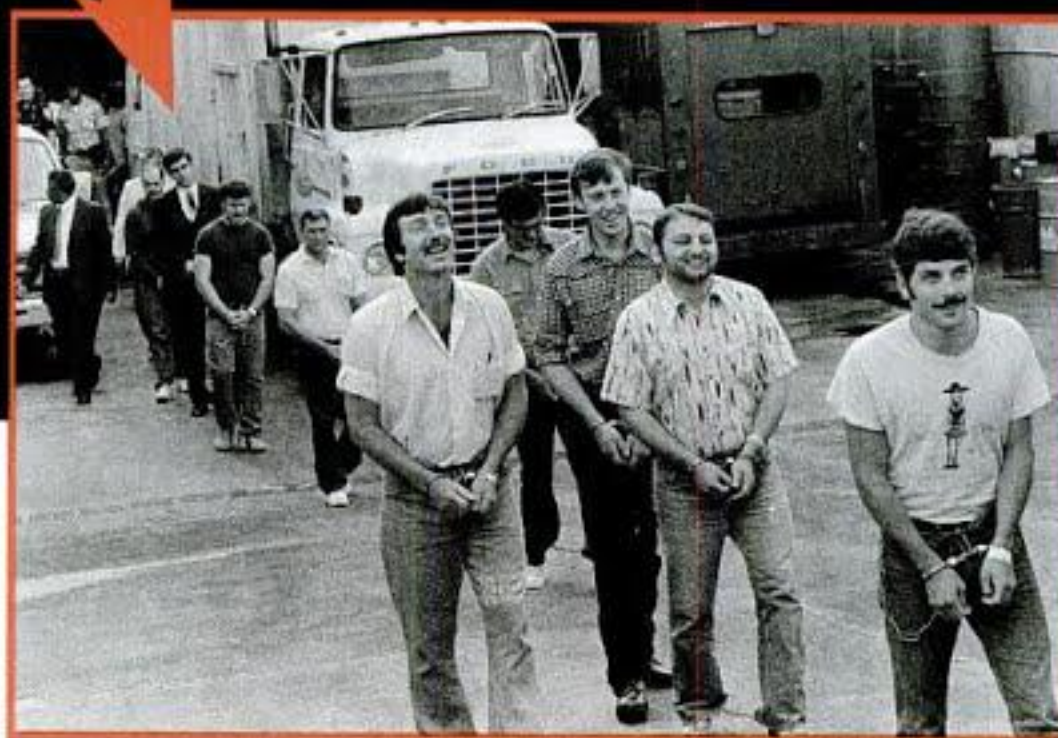
ON WHY PEOPLE KEEP BRINGING UP HIS PAST: "I'm talking about issues nobody else talks about politically, [so] I'm condemned for my past. But I won't live in the past....I think I live in the present and look forward to the future." ☛



CONFEDERACY OF DUNCES:

Above, Duke and understudy Don Black; right, the Dominica "clowns" being led away in irons (Black, rear)

Right, former Duke aide and SPY source Karl Hand, undergoing arrest for attempted murder in 1986



of dollars. Prosecutors knew all this because Droege casually brought it up in conversation and they got it on tape; also, Perdue was heard brag-

The cash was stuffed into Hefty bags, which Duke carried upstairs

ging that he would leave the island in five years, \$3 million to \$5 million richer. He also testified under oath that he was gay. Nine of the plotters were convicted of violating the Neutrality Act and sentenced to terms of up to three years.

According to Larson, authorities at the time suspected that David Duke was involved in the plot; after all, several of the conspirators were Klansmen, including Don Black, who had replaced Duke as head of the Louisiana Knights. But Larson says his office never developed any evidence linking Duke to the plot, and when Duke was called before the grand jury, he refused to talk. He did talk to *Newsweek*, saying, "I don't think it was a Klan operation, but if somebody wants to set up a mercenary force, they don't recruit from the Boy Scouts."

Two years later, in the aftermath of the U.S. invasion of Grenada, Duke became less self-effacing about his involvement. In an article that appeared in the *Evening Post* of Vicksburg, Mississippi, Duke acknowledged that he had played a role in the aborted coup, which, he unconvincedly maintained, had been conceived as a prelude to a Klan operation to liberate Grenada from the Communists, much the way the American invasion had. "The invasion of Grenada by the U.S. government is really a vindication of what [the mercenaries] were engaged in," he said. Duke then described his role in the Dominica operation: "The main thing they wanted me for was to find men who were willing to participate in such an anticommunist operation. I contacted a few people who might be interested." Duke said he met with several of the plotters in a hotel room in Metairie, where he lives. They apparently did not discuss the one important respect in which the situation in Dominica differed from that in Grenada—namely, that Dominica's prime minister was pro-America and the man they would return to power was socialist.

Michael Perdue may not have been the first friend of David Duke's who was a gay Nazi. In 1966, when Duke was 16, his father, whom he idolized, volunteered to go to Vietnam to work for the Agency for International Development, leaving David at home with an alcoholic mother.

In the absence of his father, a new paternal figure, James Lindsay, a wealthy real estate developer from New Orleans, became Duke's mentor. According to *Esquire*, Lindsay had at least two secret identities: to Klansmen and Nazis, he was known as Ed White; in the French Quarter, where he cruised gay bars, he was known as James Lawrence. (Lindsay's son, James II, disputes this characterization. "You have to be kidding," he said to SPY. "My father was one of the biggest cocksman who ever lived." He added that his father and Duke "found each other very attractive," and that his father treated Duke "almost as an alternate identity.") One night in 1975, Lindsay was visited in his office by his estranged wife. They had sex, then he told her he wanted a divorce. After she went to her car, she says, she heard someone demand money from her husband, then shots. She was indicted for murder, but the charges were dropped. The crime has never been solved.

While maintaining that Duke's Dominica scenario was "100 percent wrong," prosecutor Larson acknowledges that Perdue had contacted Sir Eric Gairy, the deposed head of Grenada, about engineering a coup on his behalf but had been rebuffed. "[Gairy] wouldn't have anything to do with him," Larson says. "So he figured Dominica looked good. They weren't out for God and country. They were out to make money."

That Duke was involved is supported by Don Black's presence on the invasion team. Black was generally regarded as one of Duke's best friends. After Duke was divorced from Chloe in 1983 (she said his "cause" was too draining and that she couldn't live with all the media attention), she married Don Black. Duke served as Black's best man. The Blacks now live in Florida with David and Chloe's teenage daughters, Erika and Kristen. They call their stepfather Mr. Don. When Duke ran for the state legislature in 1989, Mr. Don, a man who stands convicted of plotting to overthrow a government with pals who wanted to get into cocaine-processing, worked on Duke's campaign. He even rode on Duke's float in the Easter parade.

Sexual compulsions. Hypocrisy. Sellouts. Financial irregularities. Greed. Imbecilic adventures. A taste for bad companions. It's not a record you would think most politicians could survive. But then, David Duke has already survived a record far uglier than this. ☛

Additional reporting for this article by Jeanne Weill in New Orleans, Scott Yates in Denver and Guy Martin in New York

Birth-Death- or Irreconcilable Differences—

THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 16, 1971

Miss Katherine McBride Hall Is Married to Dr. Leon Mann



Miss Katherine McBride Hall.

Miss Katherine McBride Hall, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, was married to Dr. Leon Mann, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, in a ceremony held at the University of Pennsylvania.

Moir Kennedy Bride Of Cormac O'Malley



Moir Kennedy.

Miss McCarthy Is Wed in Troy



Miss McCarthy.

Dale Ann Bourjaily Is Married



Dale Ann Bourjaily.

Joanne Connors Becomes Bride Of Jay Krieger



Joanne Connors.

Miss Corwell Bride of Thomas Mower



Miss Corwell.

Kenneth Walton Hubbard Marries Ellen C. Fuller



Kenneth Walton Hubbard.

Irene Grotfakis Engaged to Uri Wersik



Irene Grotfakis.

Nuptials for Kathrin Schwarzschild



Kathrin Schwarzschild.

Beverly See Is Bride of Lewis White



Beverly See.

Elizabeth C. Thacher Married To Van Zandt Hawn, a Lawyer



Elizabeth C. Thacher.

Sarah P. Finch Becomes Bride Of P. J. Minella



Sarah P. Finch.

Miss Joan Connors



Miss Joan Connors.

Miss Corwell Bride of Thomas Mower



Miss Corwell.

Kenneth Walton Hubbard Marries Ellen C. Fuller



Kenneth Walton Hubbard.

Irene Grotfakis Engaged to Uri Wersik



Irene Grotfakis.

Miss Wofford Wed in South



Miss Wofford.

E. P. von Briesen Weds Alice Mervis



E. P. von Briesen.

Felicity Chanler Is Wed to Stephen Young, Student, in Home Chapel



Felicity Chanler.

Jeffrey Rogers Weds Kristine Olson



Jeffrey Rogers.

Sandra C. Leach, F. F. Cooper Jr. To Be Married



Sandra C. Leach.

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Miss Corwell.

Kenneth Walton Hubbard Marries Ellen C. Fuller



Kenneth Walton Hubbard.

Irene Grotfakis Engaged to Uri Wersik



Irene Grotfakis.

Harriet Friday Wed To Michael Leahy



Harriet Friday.

Miss Wofford Wed in South



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E. P. von Briesen Weds Alice Mervis



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Miss Corwell.

Kenneth Walton Hubbard Marries Ellen C. Fuller



Kenneth Walton Hubbard.

Sandra Simone Fiancee Of Christopher Forbes



Sandra Simone.

Carter Nicholas, Law Student Marries Miss Eleanor Moore



Carter Nicholas.

Margery Waters Krieger Is Bride



Margery Waters Krieger.

Learn Couture Dress Creation



Learn Couture Dress Creation.

Kenneth Ives Jr. Becomes Fiance Of Cici Spencer



Kenneth Ives Jr.

Announcements



Announcements.

Paraphernalia



Paraphernalia.

Paraphernalia



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Paraphernalia.

in a Commune With Henry Winkler to Joining a Greenwich Garden Club

In September 1971, Bobby Seale was negotiating with rioting inmates at Attica. America was turning on, dropping out, digging *Led Zeppelin III*. Tricia Nixon was just back from her honeymoon. And on the nineteenth of that month, 58 young people announced their weddings in the society pages of the Sunday *New York Times*. In 1991 we pored over all those musty, yellowing wedding announcements and spent months tracking down every one of the couples. Here's what they told us.



Wedding vows in church aren't that big a deal: only God is paying attention. Wedding announcements in *The New York Times* are quite different. If the news of your marriage makes it into the *Times*, you know that the first lady, half of your college class, the parents of that girl who picked on you so much in high school and all the people you still have crushes on will read about you. They'll find out your middle name and which religious denomination you decided to slide yourself into. Marriage may be a sacrament, but a *Times* marriage is a double-dip sacrament with crushed Heath bars on top. Presumably, this was just as true on September 19, 1971, as it is now, which is why it was so...generous of the couples whose weddings appeared in the *Times* that day to air their marital laundry with us 20 years later.

The *Times*'s society editors must have had a trickier job than usual in 1971. There was so much they had to leave out. For every home chapel built by a grandmother who had spent her childhood in Rome, for every tea-dance debut and every father on the board of this or that, some equally telling detail had to be omitted. Beverly See's Swiss guipure-lace-and-organza gown must have been easy enough to describe, but what about Elizabeth Cornwall's Bedouin costume? And Thomas Miner's velvet bell-bottoms: should they get a mention? No, the *Times* decided. The pheasant aux chasseurs at the wedding reception of Jeffrey Rogers, the son of the secretary of State, definitely deserved inclusion—after all, it had been part of a "hunting lodge buffet"—but the *Times* would not allude to the fact that Rogers's bride, Kristine Olson, had lived in a commune with Henry Winkler. For these facts we must turn to our 1991 updates, which bear the same battle scars and late-night soul-baring as class notes at a college reunion.

It was a class of sorts, this bunch of newlyweds. I'm not talking about *class* in the sociological sense, but about the surprising number of common experiences (besides LSD and voting for Nixon) that so many of these couples shared. Two of the brides were named Cici. One groom went to Deerfield; one couple's son went to Deerfield; and one of the brides divorced her husband and married a Deerfield headmaster. Edward von Briesen is friends with Sondra Forbes Jaques; two couples today live a block apart on the Upper East Side; and several couples spend time at Vail. Maybe I *am* talking about ➡

Jeffrey Rogers and Kristine Olson



STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 14 and 11

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: They still use the double sleeping bag that zips together.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE *TIMES*: Son of secretary of State; Wellesley; Yale Law

Mrs. Rogers assures us that the pheasant aux chasseurs served at her elaborate wedding feast went over well: "It was great!" But the Rogerses' wedding was not wholly traditional. Not only did his father read from *The Prophet*, but, says Mrs. Rogers, "at the time, I was living in a commune in New Haven, and one of the members was Henry Winkler—Henry writes about it in his book. All our commune friends were at the wedding. On one hand we had the chief justice of the Supreme Court and all these security people in the trees, and boats in the water, and then we had all the commune people also in the trees, doing other things." Asked about his wife's communal past with the Fonz, Mr. Rogers says, "That was before we met. And Yale communes were pretty tame."

After law school, the couple moved to Portland, Oregon. He is the Portland city attorney; she is an associate dean of Lewis and Clark Law School. When their children were young, the couple shared a caseload at the U.S. Attorney's Office in Portland. Mrs. Rogers says, "I think the kids see us as interchangeable. If I was in court, Jeff was at home, cooking and cleaning. You're starting to see more of that now, but when we did it in the seventies, it was hard. Especially on Jeff, because he was seen as not real committed to his career."



that sense of the word *class*.

Even in truckin' old 1971, most of these brides and grooms probably hoped their marriages would survive. Eighteen out of 29 actually did. A couple more certainly won't, and I've been trying to decide whether the success or failure of each marriage could have been predicted by its announcement alone. One of the still-married wives went to my daughter's school, while one of the divorced couples was married by the same priest who officiated at my wedding. That says something about something, doesn't it? Four of the seven debutantes are divorced; so are the three couples who married in college, though both couples who married in law school stayed together. On the other hand, it's hard to believe that both the Cicis are still married.

There are obviously some vestigial Me Decade sensibilities at work in the minds of some parents (a sterling exception is Jeffrey and Kristine Rogers, who win both the Best Wedding Announcement and Best Update awards in all categories). Several divorced couples seem bewilderingly confident that their offspring liked watching the household fall apart. His two sons reacted well to the breakup of their parents' marriage, says one dad: "They are very mature in dealing with changes." "The kids see their father every other weekend," a mom explains. "I think basically they're products of the nineties, and they're happy knowing that we're happy." You know those kids of the nineties, always valuing their parents' happiness above their own. What a coincidence that they've all adjusted so *nicely*—just the way every child in Manhattan adores the nanny.

Raising kids aside, 20 years have taught these couples a lot about Life. And the *lessons* they've learned! "Clearly, marriage was not born in Heaven," says one wife. "It's something you have to work at, and even then it sometimes doesn't make it." "Things are always replaceable," another woman points out. Of course, it would be unfair to expect people to spout lapidary aphorisms just because they're 20 years older than they used to be. And if these couples had been polled on their (1971) wedding day, they probably—no, certainly—wouldn't have sounded any better. But *still*! "It's much more permissive today." "A lot of things changed for me in 20 years." "When our first dog died, it was a big blow."

One wonders whether the *Times* announcements themselves had any influence on the marriages. What if the paper's society editors had picked a whole different crop of people for that September 19, and all the couples featured on these pages had found that the only mentions of their weddings were in their hometown weeklies? We'll never know, but there's one thing of which we can be sure: if the *Times* printed divorce announcements, all marriages would last forever. ☺



Thomas Miner and Elizabeth Cornwall

DIVORCED IN 1979

CHILDREN: Two, ages 18 and 14; live with their mother in New Paltz, New York ("Things other parents take for granted are special events for me," Mr. Miner says)

FAST-FORWARD: Mr. Miner married Whitty Sanford in 1980. They live in a farmhouse in Roxbury, New York, with her two sons. He was a freelance photographer until 1975, when he started doing nonprofit environmental work. In 1988, Betsy Cornwall remarried; Mr. Miner and his new wife attended the wedding. Ms. Cornwall's second marriage also ended in divorce. She spends her time being PTA president, bird-watching and volunteering as an emergency medical technician for the New Paltz Rescue Squad. The extended modern family gathers for birthdays and other events. "This is not easy," Mr. Miner admits. "All of us make a very concerted effort."

HIM ON HER: "Betsy Cornwall is a very nice person, but she and I weren't fated to be married."

HER ON HIM: "Tom was such a hipster. I consider myself lucky, because we have a very amiable relationship."

EARLY WARNING SIGN: When Ms. Cornwall was eight and a half months pregnant, the couple was featured in a medical-training film about cesarean sections. Though the film was supposed to capture a blissful expectant couple, the Miners bickered on camera.

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS:

"We split them up," he says. "But the hardest part of divorce is the way you get artificially severed from people you know."

FUN FACTS: At their potluck wedding, he wore velvet bell-bottoms, and she wore a Bedouin-style gown; they honeymooned in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, in order to attend a crafts fair.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE *TIMES*: Daughter of Wallace-Eliabab Fund president; Princeton

Jay Kriegel and Joanne Connors

DIVORCED IN 1990

CHILDREN: Two, ages 13 and 11

FAST-FORWARD: Both live on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. She says, "I loathe any kind of publicity," because her ex-husband "is fairly controversial." He is a senior vice president at CBS and, as Laurence Tisch's key strategist, is said to run the network.

FUN FACT: He once told the *Times*, "I'm mysterious, and I want to stay that way."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE *TIMES*: Mayor Lindsay in attendance; Harvard Law



Michael Leahy and Harriet Friday

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Three, ages 14, 11 and 9

FAST-FORWARD: At the time of his marriage, Michael Leahy was assistant to *New York Times* metropolitan editor Arthur Gelb. While Gelb has been relegated to the Times Foundation, Mr. Leahy is now deputy editor of the *Times Week in Review*. Mrs. Leahy left banking for a career in law and has been at the New York law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy since 1982. The couple lives on the Upper East Side of Manhattan.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Office perk

Phillip Minella and Sarah Finch

DIVORCED IN 1986

CHILDREN: Three, ages 16, 15 and 14; joint custody

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: He says, "When we got divorced, I took eight or ten of my favorite oil paintings and one or two of my own personal chairs."

HIM ON HER: "She's an angry woman."

HER ON HIM: "I just can't stand him."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Daughter of Save the Children Federation chairman; four debuts

When Phillip Minella married Sarah Finch, the *Times* reported that he was "engaged in land development." "They couldn't say I was a carpenter, for Christ's sake! My father-in-law wouldn't think that was proper!" says the self-styled former "dashing young ski hero."

The Minellas spent most of their ten years together shuttling between homes in Nantucket, Sun Valley and Aspen. The ski bum had met the debutante in Vail: "I used to ski for the K-2 demonstration team. That's when I met that woman I married. What was her name?"

His ex-wife married John Warner in 1988 and lives in Chatham, Massachusetts. She and Mr. Minella share custody of their children. "That's why I move wherever she lives," explains Mr. Minella. "Typically what happens in a divorce is that the woman controls the children. My case was weird, because to me what was important was not the money. I never had any money as a kid, so it didn't matter, and my wife obviously had incredible money, and she just always expected it. So our fight was over the kids. I said, 'No way you're going to walk away and leave me without my children. Until my kids are 18, they're going to spend some time of every day with me.' To make it easy, I just do whatever the hell she wants." He is considering writing a book about his divorce experience.

"I just can't stand him," Mrs. Warner says through clenched teeth, adding "I just can't do it!" when asked to say anything more about her ex-husband.



Mr. Minella is still "engaged in land development" and says, "I spend all my time and all my money on my kids. It's better than hanging out with women, sleazing."

Fowler Cooper Jr. and Sandra Leach

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 8 and 5

FAST-FORWARD: The Coopers lived in Memphis until 1976, when they moved to Jackson, Mississippi. He owns a commercial real estate firm, and she runs a catering business.

1991 INSIGHTS: She says, "He's loosened up, and I've calmed down. He needed to become more childlike, and I needed to become more like a grown-up."

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: Finding God

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Bedding heiress



Though she is the great-granddaughter of the founder of Cannon Mills, Sandra Cooper does not use Cannon sheets ("I don't pay any attention to that. I just get what fits the bed"). She was in law school at the time of her wedding but dropped out shortly thereafter. Mrs. Cooper speaks candidly about the major change in her life since then: "In about 1973 I became a Christian, which was very strange. I went to Sarah Lawrence, and being a Christian or a cheerleader were two things that were certainly frowned upon. I'm an adult child of an alcoholic, and a lot of that stuff caught up with me, and I was just miserable. After trying therapy and some drug experimentation and many other routes, I thought I'd just give God a shot."

She attributes the success of her marriage to her religious conversion: "I don't know how he put up with me until that point. But he was probably too sick to notice—he's an adult child of an alcoholic as well. We didn't know it when we first got married, but then we sort of looked up and thought, *Gosh, we're sick!* He was out of Wharton business school, and I was out of Sarah Lawrence, so it was strange. I had my fist in the air, and he had a one-inch tie on! It was a peculiar combination."

Mr. Cooper, also a relatively new Christian, says, "My focus is on family and my spirit life much more so than it was in 1971. Then it was mainly financial and upward mobility and that kind of thing."

John Slonaker and Margery Krieger

MR. SLONAKER DIED IN 1989.

CHILDREN: Three, ages 14, 11 and 9

FAST-FORWARD: Mrs. Slonaker teaches platform tennis in Summit, New Jersey. Until Mr. Slonaker's death from cancer, the family had lived a normal suburban life. His widow says, "We were sort of boring. We really enjoyed our children and had a great family life."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Daughter of nationally ranked lawn-tennis player; Princeton

Stephen Young and Felicity Chanler



DIVORCED IN 1991

CHILDREN: Four, ages 18, 16, 15 and 8

FAST-FORWARD: For most of their married life, the Youngs lived in Lenox, Massachusetts. Ms. Young remains in Lenox with the children. "I'm a nurse, but I'm working at a retirement home as a waitress, because I have four kids and I have to be home," she says. Mr. Young has moved to nearby Lanesboro, where he is a pharmacist and lives with his girlfriend, who has five children.

1991 INSIGHTS: "Getting divorced was no picnic," says Ms. Young. "I didn't think that was going to happen for sure. Now I'm not really sure what to expect. At this point, I'm just sort of maintaining." Mr. Young: "I've become more realistic over the last 20 years, and less idealistic."

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: Ms. Young says, "Some of the things weren't very useful at all."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: She is descended from Peter Stuyvesant, Massachusetts Bay Colony governor John Winthrop, John Jacob Astor and an ambassador to Spain.

Lauren Templeton and Linda Christian

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 18 and 10

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: She says, "Someone gave us a clay owl. It still sits gathering dust in the hallway. I just can't bring myself to throw it out."

The Templetons have lived in Vermont since their marriage. He is an electrical contractor, and she is a part-time special-education teacher who plans to go to graduate school.

Mrs. Templeton describes some of the, well, *seventies* elements of her wedding: "I wore a Mexican wedding dress; we had friends who came in blue jeans and wore long morning coats. I understand several of them went swimming nude afterward. It's funny, because we've gone pretty much back to our upper-middle-class beginnings again. Certainly the drug culture is something we're not even remotely near anymore. I think during the early days we definitely had people floating in and floating out, and things were being grown outside that today you wouldn't dare do."

Mrs. Templeton is philosophical about the longevity of her marriage: "Marriage is something you have to work at, and even then it sometimes doesn't make it. I think that you change. We're very, very different people, grown together and grown apart all at the same time."



Howard Riemann and Michele Chapman

DIVORCED IN 1974

CHILDREN: None

HER ON HIM: "I mean, he was a real lemon."

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: She kept them. "I think the only reason I lucked out with that, though, is that he moved and he couldn't take that much stuff with him. Mostly they were all from my friends, anyway."

Michele Chapman recalls meeting her husband: "I had been going in for a date in New York, which didn't turn out well. I was dumped! On the way back I met Howard—who I later found out was married—on the train. It was a real night!" After their marriage, they lived in Milford, Connecticut, and he worked for a computer-service firm.

According to Ms. Chapman, "He was a very handsome fellow, so he probably still is. About six foot two, very charming, a real user. The biggest problem I had with him is that he had a lot of support payments and everything for his children. He never gave me anything for household expenses. He never gave anybody anything. He just kept his salary and did his thing."

Since their 1974 divorce, Ms. Chapman has never heard from the man she refers to as How-weird. He moved to Ojai, California, where he married a third time—before securing a divorce. (The bigamist simply reused the divorce papers from his first marriage.) Ms. Chapman remained in Connecticut and now lives with her fiancé of six years; she is an administrative assistant at a medical-supply firm. She reflects, "My life sort of went up when I dumped him. I'm pretty content now, just sort of coasting. The one good thing about the divorce is that it was truly a learning experience. With this current relationship, I didn't make the same mistakes. I think I look into people now, their personalities, and I try to get more value out of a person than maybe attractiveness and everything I thought of when I was younger. Now I got a nice job, and a nice fella, and we have a home."

Paul Thomasset and Lindley Greenough

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: None

FAST-FORWARD: The Thomassets live in Bedford, New York. Mr. Thomasset is a chemical-process engineer. His wife, the stepdaughter of Beverly Sills, is a lecturer on speech communication at Iona College.

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: "It's amazing that we're still together. I know we work very hard," she says.

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: Their favorite present, a Revere silver bowl that had been a shooting trophy of his uncle's, was stolen, along with all the rest of their wedding silver. "For a fifteenth-anniversary gift," she says, "my husband went out and bought all new silver. I was very touched by that."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Beverly Sills connection

Hermann Hahn and Gloria Davy

DIVORCED IN 1973

CHILDREN: None

FAST-FORWARD: Gloria Davy, who had previously been married to another man named Herman, lives most of the year in Bloomington, Indiana, where she teaches music at Indiana University. Summers she lives in Geneva as the honorary consul for St. Vincent and the Grenadines. Hahn remarried in 1975 and leads "a very suburban life" with his second wife and their two sons in Karlsruhe, Germany. He is vice president of University Fridericiana.

WHAT WENT WRONG: "Two Hermans, two mistakes."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Harvard Ph.D.

Cormac O'Malley and Moira Kennedy

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 14 and 11

FAST-FORWARD: The O'Malleys have lived outside London for the past five years. Before that, they spent time in Brussels and Mexico. She worked as an administrator for the University Foundation at Columbia until they moved abroad. He is the VP and international counsel for the Bristol-Myers Group in Uxbridge. They maintain a summer home in Connecticut.

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: "My favorite was two silver Irish birds," she says.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES:

Rockefeller in attendance; Deerfield; Harvard

Kenneth Ives and Cici Spencer

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: None

FAST-FORWARD: Mr. Ives is a principal of Appleton Partners, a Boston money-management firm, which he founded in 1988. Mrs. Ives is a volunteer and devotes most of her time to the Trustees of Reservations. They live in Hamilton, Massachusetts, and are very active in the National Rowing Foundation.

HIM ON HER: "There ain't no moss growing under her feet!"

THE SECRET OF THEIR

SUCCESS: "You've got to be able to laugh together," he says.

FUN FACT: "I'm a friend of [George Bush's] brother Jonathan, if that means anything," he says.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Granddaughter of bank president; St. Paul's; Yale



Lewis White and Beverly See

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 14 and 8

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: "I was 26 when I got married, and my husband was 32, so we were *not* kids," she says.

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS:

They're partial to a wooden barrel on wheels that doubles as an end table and an ice bucket.

FUN FACT: "President Bush is a very good friend of my parents'," says Mrs. White.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Granddaughter of elevator-company founder



The aptly named Whites lived in New York until 1977, when he took a job with Union Carbide in Danbury and they moved to Greenwich. "We love it here," says Mrs. White. "My parents live right around the corner, and the girls are the *fourth* generation at their school." Still, the White girls' childhood is different from their mother's: "My 14-year-old knows more about life than I ever did. She can tell *me* a few things. It's *much* more permissive today, and divorces are much more prevalent. I think family values have *just* broken down."

After Union Carbide, Mr. White went to Gulf + Western, now Paramount Communications, as treasurer. His wife says, "[Paramount chairman] Martin Davis is *not* a very nice boss to work with! He likes to just stand there and take the wings off flies. He runs on humiliation, and *nobody* can do anything right, and Lewis, being the treasurer of the *whole* company, was a very visible target." In 1989, Mr. White quit and became an independent consultant to bankrupt companies. "It's a *very* lucrative business," says his wife. "He's on a big assignment right now in Dallas and Tallahassee, so he's not around very much." Last year, after a 14-year hiatus from the labor force, Mrs. White took a job in retail. "I work three to four days a week at a *very* exclusive antique-and-stationery-and-leather store. Full-time would be too hectic—carpool schedules and stuff."

The Whites have eight pets and are about to buy a potbellied pig ("You've *got* to put a ring in their nose so they don't root!"). Mrs. White is no longer a member of the Junior League. "In Greenwich you join a garden club," she says. "This sounds kind of snotty, but if you're *new* to Greenwich, you stay a member of the Junior League. But my grandmother *founded* a garden club, and two past grandmothers were presidents, and my mother's a member. So I just went from the Junior League to the garden club. I just couldn't do both."

William Holbrook and Cici Simon

STILL MARRIED (though they live apart—he in Colorado, she in Palo Alto—for professional reasons)

CHILDREN: One, age 17

HIM ON HER: "She's very difficult to get hold of," says Mr. Holbrook. "She's a workaholic."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Great-granddaughter of Franklin Simon, the department-store founder (a large ad for the store appeared in that day's paper)

Mr. Holbrook speculates that their living "a thousand miles apart" is "maybe what keeps the marriage together." They've been doing this since 1987, after jointly relocating "about every five years."

Mrs. Holbrook was until very recently a manager and buyer for Stanford University's sports program. Her husband is the director of marketing services at Coors Brewing Company. The couple sees each other once every month or so. "We see each other at parents' weekends," he says. "We had about eight or nine days in Hawaii together in April. Sometimes business crosses our paths." He speculates that the recent death of her father, who lived in California, might change their living situation, then adds, "But no, she's doing very well in her job, and I didn't marry a housewife. And I have the philosophy, as does she, that we work to reach certain levels of self-value, and marriage shouldn't get in the way of that."

Henry Hall and Rosanne McCarthy

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 13 and 8

FAST-FORWARD: Both practice law in Denver, where they have lived every year except one since they were married. In 1989 they bought a second home, in Vail.

1991 INSIGHTS: "I think people [today] have a much different idea about how difficult life is going to turn out to be. Back then people really thought you could solve the world's problems and live happily ever after."

That hasn't turned out to be true," she says.

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: "We're a little dullsville," says Mrs. Hall. "We've lived in the same house for 14 years."

STATUS OF WEDDING

GIFTS: She loves Grandmother's silver candelabra; he prefers a chess set.

FUN FACT: Mr. Hall wanted the theme from *2001: A Space Odyssey* played as the bride came into the chapel. This was not permitted.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Daughter of vice president of International Talc Co.; son of a mining company president; Smith



Uri Wernik and Irene Troffsky

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Three, ages 18, 15 and 10

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: Dr. Wernik, who admits to having "love attacks," dedicated his sex manual (*Open-Minded Sex*, 1987) to his wife.

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: Obsessive about Lenox salt and pepper shakers

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Son of member of Israeli Finance Ministry



Having met while both were on duty in a psychiatric hospital, the Werniks were married on October 26, 1971, in Jerusalem, where they have lived ever since, except for three years when Dr. Wernik was earning his doctorate at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. "It still feels good 20 years down the road," she says. "There have been a lot of milestones in our life. We were newlyweds, virtually, in '73 when the Yom Kippur War broke out, and my husband was in the army then for seven months."

Mrs. Wernik, who has a master's degree in social work, works in family therapy and sex therapy.

Edward von Briesen and Alice Marvin

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: None

FAST-FORWARD: The self-described "very private" Von Briesens live in Oyster Bay Cove, New York.

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: "My parents were divorced about 40 years ago," he says. "Unfortunately, the New York City press had a field day with it."

FUN FACT: Mr. Von Briesen knows Sondra Forbes Jaques.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Great-grandson of Legal Aid Society founder

George Brown and Kathrin Schwarzschild

DIVORCED IN 1986

CHILDREN: Three, ages 15, 13 and 11; live with mother. She says, "The kids see their father every other weekend. I think basically they're products of the nineties, and they're happy knowing we're both happy."

FAST-FORWARD: She runs a landscape-design business in Rye, New York. He is a physician—an orthopedic specialist—in Brockton, Massachusetts.

1991 INSIGHTS: Katie Brown says, "Hopefully, I'm not as naive. I don't see things as black-and-white as I did then. In your twenties, you want everything to be perfect and people to be perfect, and now I know that's not going to happen. I like being single, because I really don't have to compromise too much other than for my children. I'm in charge. I run the ship."

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: "Things were pretty much divided up," she says.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Smith; Choate; her job at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Kip Forbes and Sondra Simone

DIVORCED IN 1974

CHILDREN: None

FAST-FORWARD: In 1974 he married Baroness Astrid von Heyl; they have one child and live in Manhattan. He is VP of Forbes Inc., the family firm, where he courts advertisers. Sondra is now married to Willard Jaques; they have two children and live in Cold Spring Harbor.

WHAT WENT WRONG: "I'm horrified to be part of the statistics. I was married before I was 21—very stupid," says Forbes. "For once our parents were right."



1991 INSIGHTS: "In 20 years," he says, "the perspective one has on what has happened around one has changed. One probably views with more horror some things and more toleration other things."

HER ON HIM: "I have been approached many times for certain things, God knows, pertaining to the Forbeses, and I truly do not ever give an interview."

HIM ON HER: "I'd be very happy if I saw her on the street. I think her name is now Jaques."

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: She kept them.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Son of notorious wealthy biker

Daniel Kleinman and Janet Rosen

SEPARATED IN 1990

CHILDREN: Two, ages 17 and 12; live with their mother on Central Park West, not far from their father

FAST-FORWARD: She sells advertising; he is a lawyer.

WHAT WENT WRONG: "I'm not blaming it on Manhattan, I'm not blaming it on her, I've stopped blaming it on myself," Mr. Kleinman says. "When people break up, anybody who believes it's totally the other person's fault is as unwise as someone who believes it's all their fault. It's not unilateral. But it's never fifty-fifty, either."

HIM ON HER: "I don't think there's a fight going on, but we're not socializing. She's a nice person. She's got nice things about her, and she's got problems just like I do. Certainly she's bright, and I find her attractive, but I'm not looking for reconciliation. When it's over, it's over."

1991 INSIGHTS: He says, "I consider myself a failure to a certain extent. I haven't accomplished as much as I thought I would. I haven't made as much money as I thought I would. I haven't achieved any greatness. I don't consider myself somebody who has a multitude of friends."

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: "She has everything—the apartment, the belongings."

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Daughter of man with vague publishing connection



Leon Mann and Katherine McBride

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 18 and 19

FAST-FORWARD: The Manns live in Cleveland. She received a graduate degree in business administration from Case Western Reserve University, where she now works developing health-care-information systems. He is chief of obstetrics and gynecology at Cleveland's Metro Health Medical Center.

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: "Compromise," she says. "I've been flexible enough to move when he wants to. He's been flexible enough to be able to fix the kids' dinner for seven years in a row when I was trying to finish graduate school—and he moved me twice in the middle of it, so I went to three separate universities to get the degree. Marriage is something that's not a throwaway commodity. Over the last 20 years there have been very rocky times, but it's been a matter of sort of hunkering down and saying we'll get through this."

STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: She's attached to an Irish linen tablecloth.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Great-granddaughter of President Taft

Paul Field and Jo Anne Dee

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 13 and 11

FAST-FORWARD: Having met when they both worked at Young & Rubicam, the Fields did stints in Washington, D.C., and Florida before settling nine years ago in Timonium, Maryland. He is now with a Baltimore ad agency. She worked as a legal secretary until her children were born and has been enrolled for four years as an undergraduate at Towson State University.

THE SECRET OF THEIR SUCCESS: Mrs. Field says, "Paul and I have an agreement: the first one who decides to leave has to take both the children. Don't tell my kids."



Van Hawn and Elizabeth Thatcher

STILL MARRIED

CHILDREN: Two, ages 15 and 13

FAST-FORWARD: For eight years Mr. Hawn practiced law at Davis Polk & Wardwell while his wife was an assistant Manhattan district attorney. In 1979 they moved to Minneapolis, where he works at an investment firm and she is starting her own floral business.


STATUS OF WEDDING GIFTS: "We still use a quilt my sister made," she says.

WHY THEIR WEDDING WAS IN THE TIMES: Granddaughter of a solicitor general of the U.S. and an Auchincloss; Le Rosey; Andover



◆ It sure pays to know the secrets of the universe! Thanks to the teachings of L. Ron Hubbard—and despite the scorn of Wall Street—the Feshbach brothers have made millions and millions by predicting disaster. The only troubles they didn't foresee were their own.

Profits Doom

 ROBABLY THE ODDEST, MOST MANIACAL AND MOST REVEILED CREATURES KNOWN TO HIGH finance are those jackal-like investors who sell stocks short. Since the best thing that can happen from their point of view is for a company to go bankrupt, short sellers operate in a kind of Wall Street Bizarro World, where everything is the opposite of what it should be: good news is bad, bad news is good, and the stock charts all look like they've been turned upside down. The life is strange and also lonely. The corporate and financial establishments hate short sellers because they undermine the boosterish optimism and rising stock prices that keep American businessmen happy and busy. Add to all this the fact that selling short is *extremely* risky, and it looks as if the country's premier short sellers would occupy an adequately weird place in the cosmos.

For Joe, Matt and Kurt Feshbach, however, such a role is apparently not quite bizarre enough. They not only have been wildly successful managing hundreds of millions of dollars in the country's largest fund devoted exclusively to selling short—buying Ferraris and horrifying CEOs along the way—but also are members of the Church of Scientology. And not just any members, mind you—they have given at least \$1 million to the Church, and Joe and Matt have attained its highest ranking. That's right, *they are Operating Thetan VIII*s (Kurt is a mere OT VII, but he has spent most of the past year holed up in Florida taking intensive instruction). All three of the Feshbach wives are auditors, or official Scientology therapists, and their children regularly attend Scientology courses after school.

What is most surprising about the Feshbachs' story—to us infidels, anyway—is that investing according to principles of Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard has worked spectacularly well

by Deirdre Fanning

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK RYDEN ◆

Investing according to the worked spectacularly well—

for them, at least until recently. In 1985 the brothers, along with Dallas investor Tom Barton, formed Southgate Partners Ltd., a short-selling partnership. From 1985 until December 1990, Southgate had an extremely impressive compound gross annual rate of return of 39 percent. For the year ended December 1990 alone, the gross return was almost 58 percent, while the S&P 500 Index finished the same year down 3 percent. This has made such investors as Dreyfus Corporation, the large mutual-fund-management firm, *very* happy. The Feshbachs too: since they earn a fee of 1 percent of the assets under management and keep 20 percent of the gains, and since they have a substantial interest in the partnership themselves, the brothers together must have made tens of millions of dollars in each of the last few years. With 55 employees spread over three offices in Palo Alto, Dallas and Clearwater, the Feshbachs run probably the most feared short-selling operation in the country; they have even driven corporate chairmen to ask Congress for legislative protection from short-seller raids.

With success comes imitation. The profession of short selling has become increasingly popular on Wall Street. The Feshbachs have been excellent role models, and the lesson many learned from the October 1987 crash was that this calamity represented paradise on earth for one group of investors: those who had sold short. For a generation raised on cynicism and skepticism and a nonjudgmental flexibility bordering on amorality—Kurt is 39, Joe and Matt are fraternal twins a year younger—selling short has a certain intellectual honesty about it. Short sellers don't merely expect the worst—they hope for it, and then back up their cynicism with real money. Alas, the past few months have been difficult for all the "shorts," and in the land of Op-

erating Thetan stock speculation, life has become particularly trying. Don't buy a copy of *Dianetics* and call your broker quite yet.

HERE'S HOW A SHORT SELLER goes about making money after he has identified a stock whose price he's sure will drop: First he borrows some shares of the stock from a brokerage house. Eventually the short seller will have to replace what he has borrowed, but in the meantime he can do something wonderful with his borrowed shares: he sells them in the open market and keeps the proceeds. If his prediction is accurate, the stock will dive in the coming weeks or months (losses, product failure, embezzlement—all these are helpful). With the stock now much cheaper, the short seller buys the same number of shares that he borrowed and squares things with his broker. His profit is the difference between the amount he received when he sold the shares and the amount he later paid when he replaced them. Really, a short seller is just like any other investor—he hopes to make money by buying low and selling high. What's different about the short seller is that he reverses the normal order. He sells high first, *then* he buys low.

Let's suppose the Feshbachs have decided to short the stock of something called, say, The Wendell Group Inc. They borrow 10,000 shares from a broker and put up some cash or stock as collateral. They sell the shares, and if WGI is trading at around \$100 a share, the Feshbachs receive \$1 million. Assume the stock drops to \$20 as the expansion of WGI's information-service business fails miserably. The Feshbachs buy back the shares for \$200,000, return them to the broker and make an \$800,000 profit.

Things can go wrong. Take, for example, the recent stock activity

of an Indiana life-insurance holding company called Consecro Companies. Short sellers including the Feshbach brothers started shorting this stock feverishly last fall, convinced by its heavy debt load and what they saw as its screwy accounting that it was headed eventually for a big fall; most shorted the stock at around \$22 and then sat back happily as the stock dropped quickly to \$17. But then the stock headed up—way, way up. It reached a high of \$83.75 this year, before a two-for-one split. Well, let's see: If you sold 10,000 shares of Consecro short at \$22, you received \$220,000. To replace them at roughly \$84 a share, you would have to pay \$840,000. That would make for a tidy loss of more than half a million dollars.

Of course, a short who lost his nerve would have "covered" his position by buying the stock back well before it reached such heights. There is a catch to short selling, and the Consecro case illustrates it nicely. As short seller Frederick "Shad" Rowe, general partner of the Dallas hedge fund Greenbrier Partners, explains it, "While the risk on the long side is limited by the fact that a stock can only go down to zero, and so the investor can lose only 100 percent, the risk on the short side is almost unlimited, since a stock can go up theoretically to infinity." *Almost unlimited risk* is the kind of thing that some people...oh, might tend to shy away from. Not the Feshbachs. Throughout Consecro's almost 400 percent rise they held on to their short position. Sure enough, the stock price began to fall last summer, and the brothers believe they will make a great killing.

THE REASON JOE CAN'T FEEL the cold is because he's fat." That's Matt Feshbach explaining to a visitor why his pudgy brother Joe is immune to the chill

principles of L. Ron Hubbard has at least until recently

on a recent spring morning in Palo Alto. It's the kind of banter, some of it charmingly adolescent (as when they try to think up all the different ways to incorporate the word *spy* into casual conversation with this reporter), that best characterizes the Feshbachs' manner. They go out of their way to appear relaxed, relaxed to the point of often seeming almost asleep; indeed, as Matt lies apparently resting on his office sofa after lunch, the only indication that he helps manage \$450 million worth of other people's money is his occasional intense stare at the flickering computer screens on his desk.

As native Californians whose background seems more like that of surfers than that of financial moguls, the Feshbachs come by their laid-back manner honestly. After inauspicious academic careers—Joe and Matt never finished college, while Kurt couldn't even bring himself to complete high school—they knocked around California, Kurt working as a diamond broker in Los Angeles and Matt and Joe teaching tennis in Palo Alto. In 1981 their father asked them to join his public-relations firm, which specialized in representing small energy companies. Once settled in Dad's office, the brothers stumbled upon their first candidate for a short sale: an oil-and-gas venture that had a \$45 million stock-market value despite low sales and lack of capital.

After making a quick \$60,000 shorting its stock, the brothers were hooked, and in 1982 they began their own stock-shorting firm, using funds gleaned from friends they asked to be investors.

The Feshbachs soon concentrated on uncovering so-called fraud stocks, those companies

whose financial statements are based primarily on misleading information. Using a rough version of the "short checklist" their analysts still use today, the brothers searched for what they only half jokingly called the "greater knowledge of truth" in a company's cash flows, earnings, margins and sales—this worked brilliantly in the case of Cannon Group, the high-flying film producer. Using investigative-reporting techniques ranging from calling a company's competitors and customers to hiring private detectives to dig up dirt, they uncovered fraud behind such infamous companies as the bankrupt Los Angeles carpet cleaner ZZZZ Best Inc. and American Continental, the bankrupt parent company of Charles Keating's S&L.

Predictably, this new kind of investigative stock research enraged corporate chairmen. It also infuriated the "longs," the brokerage-firm analysts whose inherently conflicted job it is to issue objective research reports on companies whose stock their firm is trying to persuade the public to buy. Securities analysts issue five "buy" recommendations for every "sell" recommendation, so their optimistic bias is evident.

The eagerness of the Feshbachs to burst this convivial bubble of optimism and goodwill on Wall Street made them exceedingly unpopular with the bullish majority from the very start—but what really

got people mad was all the negative company stories the brothers allegedly planted with the financial press to drive down the prices of stocks they were shorting.

"They manipulate the media, and they have journalists in their pocket to create damaged goods," sniffs H. J. Meyers & Co. analyst Rafi Kahn, the author of some hyperventilatingly favorable reports on Consecro, the Indiana insurer (one headline read, HISTORY IN THE MAKING; FUNDAMENTALLY HUGE ATTRACTIVE: AGGRESSIVE PURCHASE RECOMMENDED).

To the rest of the optimistic world, professional shorts and their party-pooing are almost un-American. It just isn't nice to be pessimistic all the time. As anyone who has lived through the 1980s knows, ours is a society reliant on the power of positive thinking. "I'd say people think that anytime a negative person attacks the economy or a company, that's bad for the people who are working in it," asserts Raymond Dirks, a financial analyst at the New York brokerage firm Baird, Patrick & Company and a well-known bull. "Negativism just breeds more negativism, and that'll tear you down."

Meanwhile, the Feshbachs' short-selling brethren are critical of their high profile in the press. "I don't think this business lends itself to publicity," said one short seller who, like practically all of the others reached for this story, refused to be identified. "The very best shorts are the ones you never hear



INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS: Left to right, Joe, Kurt and Matt Feshbach are relaxed, confident, completely normal and obviously in control of their endocrine systems.

Corporate executives, people on short sellers fear the Fe

about. It's just stupid—you set yourself up as a target for the bulls, and the companies from which you are trying to get information slam the door on you."

Worse still, in the eyes of the short world, is the brothers' deliberate, Henry Kravis-like flaunting of their wealth—those Testarossas, the million-dollar homes, the jet. In private as well as in public, the short-seller style reflects a loathing of display, and the mere mention of the brothers' latest materialistic excess can make even the toughest short wince with embarrassment. Of course, such extravagances are just the kind of thing shorts look for in a company on its way down.

Although the brothers vigorously deny spreading false rumors about companies, they are frequently quoted in the press, claiming it is great free advertising, and they argue rather persuasively that they have as much of a right to discuss their research results with reporters as corporate public-relations people have to discuss their clients' news. "We're on the record on purpose, in part to try to end the notion that shorts are this seedy, shifty little bunch who hide all the time," says Joe. "And we think making a legitimate effort to make the real facts known about a company is simply part of the business."

As for planting anonymous negative stories, Joe flatly denies any such activity. "We don't call reporters, but they often call us," he claims. Whether they plant stories or not, there's no doubt the potential for press coverage plays an important role in their evaluation of short candidates: one of the categories on their printed "short checklist" is "Would this company make a story for

the Heard on the Street column of *The Wall Street Journal*?"

SO CORPORATE EXECUTIVES, people on Wall Street and their short-selling compatriots are afraid of the Feshbachs—have we mentioned that their employees and former employees are, too? Of more than two dozen people interviewed for this story, only a handful would agree to be identified for fear of reprisals. "You don't understand," said one ex-employee. "I have to work in this business, and these guys are the most powerful shorts. They have so many connections, they could prevent me from getting a job if they were pissed off at me. Besides, I've heard lots of bad stories about what happens to people who mess with Scientologists."

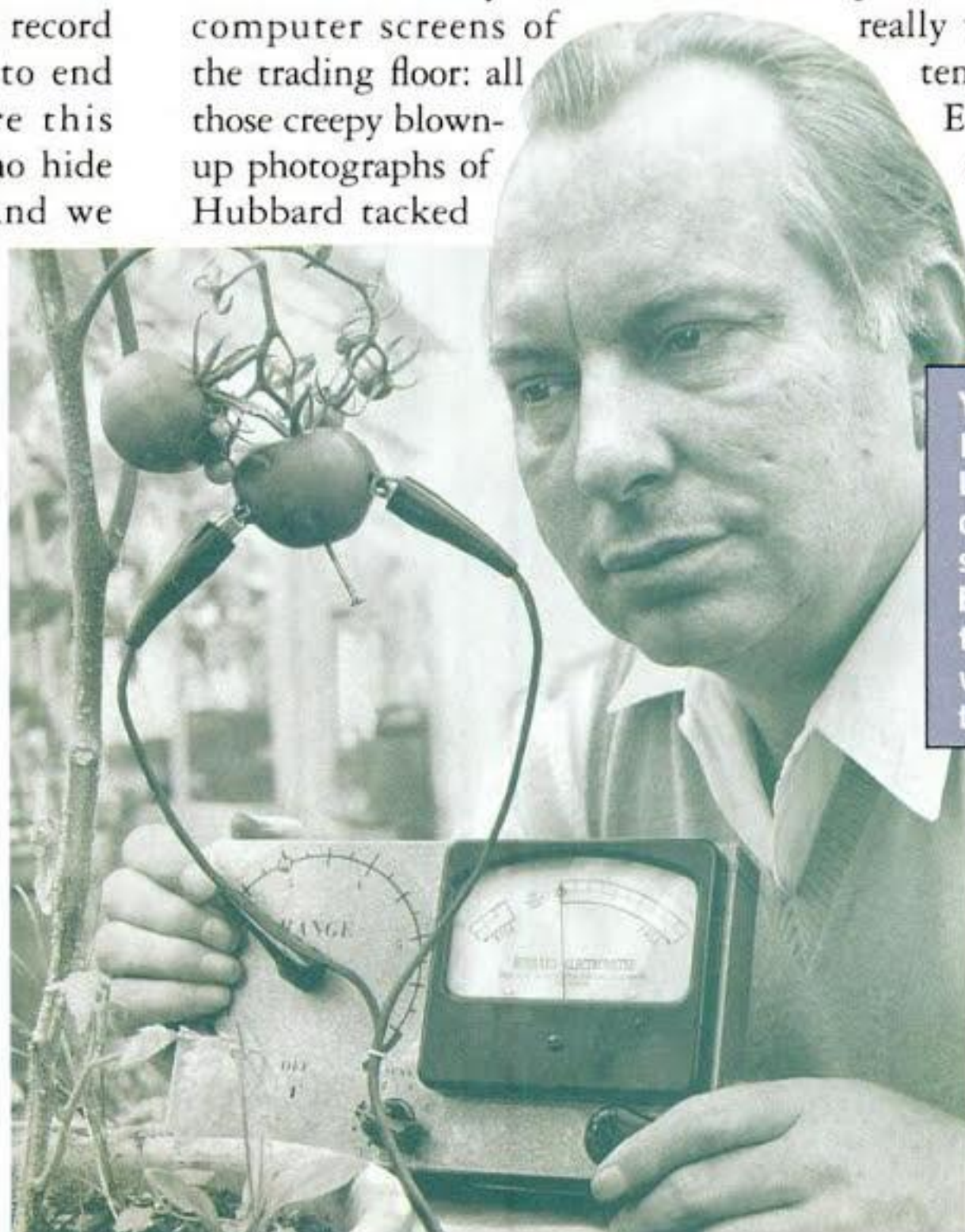
Ah, yes, messing with the Scientologists.

Take a walk through the Feshbachs' Palo Alto office and it's the first thing that hits you as you look out over the analysts' cubicles and computer screens of the trading floor: all those creepy blown-up photographs of Hubbard tacked

over various employees' desks, producing a kind of eerie, shrinelike effect unusual even by California standards. Look closer and you'll notice the commemorative plaques from the Church thanking the Feshbachs for their dedicated work on behalf of Scientology, and the shelves crammed with the expensively bound ten-volume sets of Hubbard's office-management philosophy.

The thing that gets most people, though, is the E-Meters lying around the place. Sitting three abreast in individual Lucite cases in Matt's office, for example, their bronze veneers glinting malevolently, these odd, oval-shaped metal objects bristle with serious-looking buttons, knobs and dials. If you've never seen an E-Meter, and most normal people haven't, you might think it was some wacky electronic gadget a mad scientist had invented to answer the questions of the universe. Which, of course, it is.

"Do you want to try one out?," Joe Feshbach asks eagerly. "They really work." As Matt looks on intently, Joe picks up the nearest E-Meter and prepares, as Scientology describes the procedure, to "measure the mental state or change of state of Homo sapiens." On



YOU SAY TOMATO, I SAY TRAVOLTA: L. Ron Hubbard, circa 1969, "clears" salad fixings with an E-Meter. Eventually the star of *Perfect* was hooked up to the same gizmo.

this particular morning, however, the visiting Homo sapiens is spared the process by the discovery that the E-Meter has not been recharged recently and so is temporarily out of order. Even God's

Wall Street and fellow Feshbachs. So do their employees.

tools, it seems, need batteries.

Scientology was founded around 1950 by Hubbard, who died in 1986, to "clear" followers of bad memories and unhappiness. The Church has been convicted of bugging and burglarizing government agencies and harassing former members, and it has been accused of everything from financial scams to driving a member to suicide.

Besides using the E-Meter, members are required to steep themselves in the reams of incomprehensible Church literature written by Hubbard. A sample insight taken from Hubbard's best-selling handbook, *Dianetics*: "Excreta are among the easiest things to regulate by suggestion. Constipation can be caused or cured by positive suggestion with remarkable speed and facility. The urine can also be so controlled. *And so can the endocrine system.*" Hubbard's "management philosophy" is equally profound. Here's some advice on how to handle an office crisis: "Where a Danger Condition is assigned to a junior, request that he or she or the entire activity write up his or her overts (contra-survival actions) and withholds (undisclosed contra-survival actions)...and turn them in at a certain stated time on a basis that the penalty for them will be lessened but if discovered later after the deadline it will be doubled." And Hubbard on the key to financial success: "Discover what caused the condition of Affluence and strengthen it." Indeed, everything Hubbard wrote or said is either totally meaningless or completely, ludicrously obvious—but then, maybe that explains why such celebrities as Sonny Bono, Kirstie Alley, John Travolta and Tom Cruise have joined the Church over the years.

The Feshbachs can't get enough of this stuff. "Hubbard was, like, *amazing*," says Joe fervently. "Have you read *Dianetics*? It is the owner's manual of the human mind [this is

the advertising slogan for the book]. For us Scientology is great, because it helps us to remain analytical when others tend to panic."

But it's not enough that they love it—they want everyone else to love it, too. Stockbrokers who do business with the brothers, for example, frequently receive solicitations from them to make donations to the Church or to take Scientology courses. "I don't give anything," says one broker. "But I presume if they're giving you a lot of commissions, you do cough up. It's not any different, really, from getting hit up by business contacts for the opera or your college or something."

It may be a little different from the opera. Former employees claim the brothers engage in a relentless campaign within the Feshbach offices to persuade workers to join the Church. "I believe that if you're not a Scientologist, you don't have a future at that firm," says one former employee. Adds another, William Ruby, "It's nothing but a recruiting ground for Scientology. You couldn't help but feel pressured to join the Church there. There is a lot of pressure from the brothers and the other Scientologists to take courses in it."

Indeed, it does seem to require great strength to resist joining the rest of the office crowd in Scientology, since the place operates as a kind of Church outpost. About half the staff consists of practicing Church members. Soon after arriving at the firm, new employees attend mandatory Scientology seminars called "hatting college" (*hat* being Scientology-speak for job or responsibility) to receive instructions on carrying out their daily duties and "to groove everyone in to the same management," Joe says.

Interoffice memos are regularly written in the strange language of Scientology, as in this note that recently circulated through the office

and that seems to describe the need for more efficiency: "One of the biggest hidden expenses around here can be Dev-T. Handling despatches more than once, misrouting, not CSWing, not solving your own problems, verbal communications etc. eat up a lot of time, effort. Please stamp out Dev-T in your areas."

Although Joe publicly minimizes the role Scientology plays when the brothers research a prospective short stock, claiming it is merely a final factor considered once all the requisite analysis has been done, ex-employees say it's a significant force in the Feshbachs' investment thinking.

One such source points to the case of ZZZZ Best, the Los Angeles carpet-cleaning company first shorted by the Feshbachs in 1987, as one instance when the Feshbachs applied Scientology—with spectacular results. After their initial research showed the company had questionable real business prospects, the brothers began shorting the stock at \$6. They subsequently discovered that one of ZZZZ Best's senior officers had been involved in petty fraud and stayed with the company. As Joe Feshbach told SPY, a basic tenet of Scientology holds that criminal minds stay together; another holds that a criminal mind will denounce whoever seeks to expose it (ZZZZ Best had publicly denounced short sellers). These were two reasons Joe himself gave SPY for the brothers' decision to hang in with their gamble even while the company's stock was zooming as high as \$10. (Another tenet of Scientology is that the criminal mind will destroy itself. When asked if *this* played any part in the Feshbachs' decision, Joe replied dismissively, "Not at all.") Ultimately, ZZZZ Best chairman Barry Minkow was convicted of embezzling millions from the company, and the Feshbach brothers

To lose \$330 million in six months is...a problem

made about \$7 million from their investment by the time the company finally went bankrupt in 1987.

But applying Scientology to the market has backfired on the brothers, too. Another former employee claims that when the Feshbachs originally shorted L.A. Gear, the California sneaker-maker, in 1987, their logic was based at least in part on the rumor that certain executives in the company were drug users. Since Scientologists consider drug-taking one of life's great evils, the Feshbachs were said to be convinced the company would falter. (Joe Feshbach downplayed this reasoning to *SPY*. "That was a point of interest," he said. "That was not why we were shorting it.") The stock, however, suddenly leapt upward, and the Feshbachs took at least an 80 percent loss on their \$8-million investment. They recently returned to shorting L.A. Gear; given the company's July announcement of a second-quarter loss, they may be setting themselves up to overcome their earlier setback.

EVERY INVESTOR MAKES MISTAKES, and the L.A. Gear debacle doesn't matter much when you consider that in 1989, Southgate Partners gained 19 percent. Unfortunately, in 1991 the failures have multiplied, and Southgate, which ended last year with \$850 million under management, was down 39 percent in the first half of this year. To lose \$330 million, or two-fifths of your capital, in six months is...a problem. All the shorts suffered in the post-Gulf War stock-market rally, but the Feshbachs have taken a much worse beating than most.

After almost a decade of toughing out the vagaries of the market with the other feared and loathed Wall Street shorts, the Feshbachs last year found themselves sitting on top of more money than they'd probably ever dreamed of manag-


ing. But having that much money meant they were forced to move beyond their specialty of uncovering "fraud stocks" and into the more risky territory of shorting *Fortune* 500 companies. As one competing short seller explains it, "Shorting these companies requires a purer type of analysis than what the Feshbachs are used to. Bigger, older companies are in many ways harder to short, since they are usually real companies with established records and businesses—the research is more analytical and less oriented toward private-detective-type work."

The competitor may have a point. In the last year alone the Feshbachs have taken multimillion-dollar losses shorting such large capitalized companies as Wells Fargo Bank, News Corporation and Golden Valley Microwave Foods. In each case a sudden event proved their bet wrong: superinvestor Warren Buffett disclosed a 9.8 percent stake in Wells Fargo, News Corporation's Rupert Murdoch sold off most of his magazine group to Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, and Golden Valley merged with ConAgra.

Accordingly, times have been tough around the Feshbachs' offices. Several investors apparently pulled their money from the partnership at the end of the second quarter. The brothers discontinued the catering service, whose costs had run as high as \$16,000 a month, that had provided free meals to the office staff. In February a memo circulated in Palo Alto decreeing that Perrier water was thenceforth reserved for the general partners only; the rest of the staff was to ride out the cost-cutting with mere Calistoga water. The jet was put up for sale. Then, last summer, 14 employees were laid off. In a particularly unpleasant episode, two of those who were let go were hauled into Joe's office and fired in front of each other. Still, the Feshbachs have feelings: before leaving the firm, each fired worker

was invited to take home a box of chocolates made by a Feshbach-owned chain of chocolatiers. Explains Joe, "We were just trying to be nice." Perhaps most worrisome, in May the Feshbachs told investors they were withdrawing \$7 million of their own money from the partnership, reportedly to pay income tax—not the sort of act that inspires confidence in your partners.

Rather than weaken the Feshbachs' devotion to Scientology, however, the recent troubles have reinforced it. As Joe says, "We have faced a considerable variety of potential points of pressure....Scientology has helped us keep an analytical perspective on the whole thing." They still spend a lot of time in their Clearwater office, which they opened in 1987 to be close to the Scientology yacht. You can even catch Matt, reportedly the most zealous Scientologist of the three, currently posing on the inside cover of the paperback *Dianetics*. Sporting a snappy bow tie and claiming that Scientology helps him stay calm, Matt appears at the bottom of a list of Church zealots that includes Judy Norton-Taylor, the actress who played Mary Ellen on the television series *The Waltons*, and has-been jazz musician Chick Corea. The caption under Matt's picture reads, "Clear since 1975."

Wall Street has become an admirably tolerant place. No one much cares anymore who you are or what you believe in as long as you make money. But when things go badly, your strange notions and behavior loom larger. Wall Street is watching the Feshbachs, and what the brothers perceive as their greatest strength may indeed turn on them. "I think their Scientology will be an issue for them if their results don't pick up," says one New York short seller. "It's okay to be eccentric and successful. It's not okay to be eccentric and unsuccessful. Investors don't like to look like fools." 



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Lanza: The Great Caruso (RCA) 80259
Gipsy Kings: Alegria (Elektra) 11178
Joe Sample: Ashes To Ashes (Warner) 54092
K.T. Oslin: Love In A Small Town (RCA) 74372
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Jackson Browne: Running On Empty (Elektra) 11056
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Chick Corea Akoustic Band: Alive (GRP) 10721
Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison (MCA) 00547
Marcus Roberts: Alone With Three Giants (Novus) 54397
Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits (Warner) 33779
Best Of Dire Straits (Warner Bros.) 00713
Traveling Wilburys, Vol. 3 (Warner Bros.) 24817
Don Henley: End Of Innocence (Geffen) 01064
Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) (Atlantic) 12014

Sin  ad O' Connor: I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 33512
David Lee Roth: A Little Ain't Enough (Warner Bros.) 10551
Peter Gabriel: 16 Golden Greats (Geffen) 11089
Suzanne Ciani: Pianissimo (Private Music) 11047
Horowitz At Home (DG) 25211
Jon Bon Jovi: Blaze Of Glory (Mercury) 44490
Kentucky Headhunters: Pickin' On Nashville (Mercury) 24740
Guns N' Roses: Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) 70348
The Civil War/TV Sdtk. (Nonesuch) 14486

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**How a Bright, Capable College Graduate Can Take
Macy's Salesperson, Dog Groomer and Dozens**

You'll Never Groom Town Again

To the reader: It is frankly terrifying to consider that if he had not been required to pass the cement-mason exam, Henry Alford would be repairing cornices. Underqualified readers of this magazine pose a similar danger to the public safety, and so we have devised the 1991 SPY Aptitude Test. Each section of this story is followed by a question. Mark all of your answers on the separate answer card and mail it to us by September 14, 1991. We will send you your results. Work rapidly without sacrificing accuracy. Guessing will not improve your score. If you cannot answer a question, maybe you should be reading *Rolling Stone*. **Please begin reading now.**

IN EARLIER, SIMPLER TIMES, YOU MATURED INTO A TRUSTED ARTISAN THROUGH A NATURAL PROCESS. YOU DID not need to worry about becoming "certified" and filling in computer-readable answer bubbles with a No. 2 pencil and responding "true" or "false" on a psychological test to the statement "I like tall women." No, a blacksmith was a blacksmith because he was a blacksmith; chandlers chandled and wheelwrights wrought wheels. In today's superrationalized, postindustrial world, however, you may be obliged to pass a test in order to qualify for almost any money-making pursuit. There is a Certified Picture Framers examination. There is an American Council on Exercise aerobics-instructor test. Bobby Zarem takes up the story at this point.

"It's a sad commentary that I can get through Andover and Yale and not pass the press-agent test," said the New York public-relations demigod earlier this year when he failed the Association of Theatrical Press Agents and Managers' three-hour written and oral test. Zarem's 26 years of representing such clients as *Caddyshack II* and Jackie Collins were as nothing before the hard, cold fact of his poor performance on a standardized test. An ATPAM spokesperson commented, "It's the equivalent of failing the bar exam."

In an attempt to identify exactly what employers and professional organizations are looking for in their employees and members, I took 31 tests

by *Henry Alford*

this winter and spring. I took official

and Fail the Tests for CIA Agent, Floral Designer, Cement Mason, More—but Qualify for a Career as a Psychic

or practice tests for bartenders, floral designers, travel agents and postal-machine mechanics; tests for addiction specialists, geologists, foreign-service officers and CIA agents. (I did not take the exam for state troopers, however, having been offended by some of the questions in a preparation guide for that test: “When driving a full-sized car, are you tall enough to see over the steering wheel?”; “When standing next to a full-sized car, can you easily see over the top?” The writers of the test seemed to suspect that I was a dwarf.) My performance on all the tests was very disappointing. I expected them to challenge me, but I was perhaps inadequately prepared for their rigor, and indeed, I experienced renewed admiration for those who actually become bartenders and CIA agents. There is not yet a test for freelance writers, of course. It occurs to me that perhaps this is just as well.

1. The main purpose of this passage is to

- (A) explain that the author is not a dwarf
- (B) give *Caddyshack II* some publicity

- (C) give a history of the Industrial Revolution
- (D) explain that Jackie Collins is not a dwarf

Dogs in This

SO YOU WANT TO BE A SCENIC ARTIST

The painter of theatrical scenery who is interested in gaining admittance into Local 829, the United Scenic Artists, fits into one of two categories. Track A is for scenic artists with two or more years of professional experience; Track B is for people with “more traditional design and/or painting skills.” Deciding that my own painting history had been more traditional, I applied for the latter. For Track B admission into the union, one must simply pay \$150, successfully complete a Home Project and pass a studio painting test.

The Home Project involved painting two reproductions—one of a door draped with striped material, the other a still life of a copper jug and fruit. I will not pretend that these selections were not disappointing to me. I had been hoping for something like a backdrop for *The Pajama Game*.

On the Saturday of the eight-hour studio test I arrived at the basement of the Capital Cities/ABC building at West End Avenue and 66th Street. At 8:30 a.m. I stacked my rolled-up paintings on top of the other candidates’ work in

the entryway. Inside the studio the test’s organizers had marked out some 45 roughly five-by-five-foot painting areas on long rolls of muslin that were stapled to the floor. I picked a spot and unloaded my supplies. The other candidates, most of whom were in their twenties or thirties, were hunched over their areas of canvas, applying grids. Just before 9:00 we gathered round, and one of the union members gave us a short speech in which she welcomed us to the Track B exam and told us to “relax and enjoy” ourselves but explained that if we didn’t stop painting at 5:00, one of the test’s organizers would take the paintbrushes from our hands. Various colors of paint in three palettes—Muralo latex, Iddings casein and Rosco Super Saturated acrylic—were set out for us in 50 plastic buckets at the far end of the studio.

When we returned to the work area, each of us had a sealed manila envelope lying on his canvas. Opening the envelope revealed a lovely watercolor of a goldfish. After I had gridded my muslin, I walked over to the paint area and filled nine

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Although few vocational tests are as curious as the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory—that test, used in the past by nuclear-power plants, among other employers, requires applicants to respond “true,” “false” or “cannot say” to statements such as “Peculiar odors come to me at times”—all these exams have their own particular logic and ➡

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL COX

small plastic containers with different colors of Muralo. As I was carrying some of these back to my work area a male candidate in glasses and a gray work shirt came up beside me. His self-confidence was nervous-making.

"I see you're using the Muralo," he said.

"Yes," I said, slightly defensively.

"How come?"

I had chosen Muralo because there

of last year's.

"I'm crazy about *this* guy's work," I whispered, pointing to the Russian on my left.

"Yes, it's nice," he offered.

"Very Track A," I said. "My work feels... *flat* to me. It—it doesn't quite come up off the canvas."

"Yes," he said warily. "You lost some of the water effects you had going. If



Scene ii: An aquarium.
The painting test raised the nagging question "What play calls for a *goldfish*?"

had been fewer people in line for it. But I did not want to reveal my motive to this man.

"I, uh... I like a paint with a little *spank factor* in it," I said. This confused the man, and he went away.

As I painted I found it difficult to capture the gauzy effects of watercolor. The man to my left, a Russian, was getting wonderful results with many thin washes of color. I emulated his style with some success.

At 1:10, although no one else seemed to be eating, I ate the lunch the union's guidelines had suggested I bring. I chose not to conclude my meal with any of the Pecan Sandies the union local had provided, loath as I am to eat anything served by someone who has just opened and stirred several hundred gallons of paint. At about 4:10 I decided to chat up one of the organizers. He told me that the work of this year's group of candidates was *much* better than that

it'd been me, I would've avoided *everything* but the Super Saturates."

"How come?," I asked.

"The undercolor doesn't work up on you."

I nodded in agreement.

At the end of the exam I spoke to a smiley organizer.

"Do you like mine?," I asked.

"Yes, you did a nice job," she said.

"Everyone else's is much better than mine."

"No, you did fine."

"I have problems with undercolors," I confided. "I have an undercolor problem."

"Well, if you fail the test, you can always take it again," she said.

"You, uh, do you think I'll fail?"

"I can't tell you that," she said warmly.

Three days later I received a form letter telling me that I had failed. There was no mention made of an undercolor problem.

2. It can be inferred from this passage that Russians

- (A) are not familiar with *The Pajama Game*
- (B) do not have problems with undercolors

- (C) make the author happy
- (D) make the author hungry

SO YOU WANT TO BE A COSMETOLOGIST

In addition to a two-hour-long written test that includes questions on bacteriology, trichology and histology, aspiring cosmetologists in New York State must pass a three-hour-long practical exam. Hying myself to the busy, dark premises of the Wilfred Beauty Academy at Broadway and 51st Street, an institution redolent of singed hair and perfumy fluorocarbons, I took the first four parts of a mock version of the exam.

About 30 students in white lab coats were taking the test. The instructor, Ms. Valentine, was a regal middle-aged Hispanic woman with luxuriant blond hair—the empress dowager of Wella Balsam. She barked out the command to begin the first part of the exam — “Comb-out!” — and urged us to be assiduous about “relaxing the set.” Upon seeing that other students were “effilating” (teasing) their mannequin heads’ hair with combs, I followed suit; but upon snagging and almost breaking one of the comb’s teeth in the resulting tangle, I began again with a brush. When a bell sounded after 25 minutes, I had fashioned a sort of churning mass of blondness — Gunther Gebel-Williams after straying too close to an air duct.

For the hair-shaping portion of the exam, I was given a water sprayer, plastic clips, shears and a female mannequin head with long, straight brown hair. Handing me an illustration of a head of hair sectioned into four quadrants and one encircling fringe, Ms. Valentine explained that I would have 30 minutes to “section, remove excess bulk and blend.” This was a tall order. Ms. Valentine slunk down the aisle four times, each time yelling a new command: “Razor!” “Blunt cutting!” “Effilating!” “Thinning shears!”

In the 20 minutes given for the permanent-waving segment of the exam, I resectioned the hair and then, using wee, slippery pieces of tissue paper, put about one-third of it up in curlers. At the conclusion of the segment, Ms.

Valentine announced that we would break for lunch. Four girls swarmed around the wig dryer beside me. The wig dryer was a wooden cabinet that maintained a constant temperature of several hundred degrees. The girls opened it up and pulled out Tupperware containers full of the chop suey and rice-and-beans that would serve as their lunch.

After lunch we finger-waved. According to Ms. Valentine, finger-waving — the process by which one molds hair into even, 1930s-style ridges — is the most difficult part of the exam: “Sometimes students just break down crying during it.” She gave me a plastic bottle of finger-waving lotion — a sticky, viscous substance evocative of whipped spit. I labored diligently during this 20-minute portion of the exam; although I was unable to create the plates and ridges of hair with which the other students were transforming their heads into what looked like well-lubricated armadillos, I *was* able to create a mottled, wavy look that had its own eerie beauty.

At the conclusion of testing, I asked to see my exam score sheet. Ms. Valentine smiled bleakly and somewhat maternally. I had scored a 30 out of a possible 50 on the comb-out; next to the score was written “Too fluffy” and “Removed by brushing.” Next to my 30 out of a possible 50 on the hair shaping, Ms. Valentine had written “Poor.” She had not even bothered to score the permanent-waving or finger-waving sections. She explained that a passing grade on each section was 35.

“So I’m not ready for my own salon,” I said.

“The comb-out and hair shaping were the only parts that were close to passing. If you did the comb-out part again, I think you would get it.”

“Yes, I felt good about that part,” I said. “But will someone hire me if I can only do comb-outs?”

“Don’t worry — you will not be hired soon.”

charm. The following questions were culled from actual exams, official sample exams and published preparation guides. They are odorless.

BRIDGE-AND-TUNNEL OFFICER

Assume that, while an Officer is collecting a toll from a motorist, the Officer sees a child tied up in the rear of the car. Of the following, the best thing for the Officer to do is to

- (A) ignore what has been seen and continue collecting tolls
- (B) try to delay the car and signal for assistance
- (C) reach into the car and untie the child
- (D) tell the driver that he cannot use the bridge unless he unties the child

TELEPHONE MAINTAINER

Spitting is prohibited in subway cars mainly to

- (A) encourage politeness
- (B) prevent spread of disease
- (C) reduce the cost of cleaning cars
- (D) prevent slipping

COURT OFFICER

The expression “caveat emptor” means most nearly

- (A) beware of the dog
- (B) let the buyer beware
- (C) let the seller beware
- (D) beware of cave-ins

FBI SPECIAL AGENT

You are a Special Agent assigned to work as an undercover agent against the Cuban intelligence service. In the case, you will be used as a dangle, someone deliberately drawing attention of the hostile intelligence service. What is the ➡➡

3. According to this passage, which of the following is NOT part of hair shaping:

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| (A) blunt cutting | (C) crisping |
| (B) effilating | (D) removing excess bulk |

SO YOU WANT TO BE A MACY'S SALESPERSON

On a lovely, balmy day early this spring, I went to Macy's and filled out a job application. I claimed to have been a salesperson for four years at someplace called The Brookfield Shop in West Brookfield, Massachusetts. The application asked, "What businesses, jobs, or professions do you know about from having a close friend or relative who worked in them?" Anticipating what kind of answer would endear me to the personnel people, I instantly thought of my sister and wrote, "Nurse." Then, when asked to elaborate upon what the best features of that job were, I simply jotted down, "Helping people get better"; when asked what the worst features were, I wrote, "Watching people die." In response to "What are some things you didn't like about jobs you've had?" I made obsequious comments about "too much downtime" and the like.

The personable young woman who took my application asked if I had time to fill out another form. I readily obliged her.

The second form was a booklet with 40 multiple-choice, yes/no and true/false questions about my personality and behavior. I was often unsure how to respond. I answered in the affirmative

to "Do you shop here often?" and "As a child I was always the one who tried to keep the class quiet when the teacher left the room." However, when asked, "If there is no one else around to notice what you are doing, do you always pick up the paper and trash others leave around?" I answered no, fearful that I might seem irksome or fascistic.

When I handed in my booklet and answer sheet, the woman who took them from me thanked me and said that someone would call soon. But I did not receive a phone call. Two months later I called the personnel department and was told that applications are good for only 30 days and that I should reapply. "We'll be needing more people for Mother's Day," a woman told me.

Upon returning I filled out a second application in much the same way as I had before. The chief difference was that when asked again about jobs I was familiar with, I thought of my *other* sister and wrote, "Primate Center Manager." When asked what the best features of the job were, I wrote, "Overseeing staff, organizing events"; when asked what the worst features were, I wrote, "Seeing chimps die."

I was not asked to take a personality test. I did not receive a phone call.

Just a Trim! Clifford puts the grrrr in grooming. Actually, those mats are kind of attractive.

4. According to the author, a lesson to be learned from history is that

- | | |
|---|--|
| (A) persistent and direct confrontation is usually necessary to bring about significant social change | (C) it is as impossible to change individuals as it is to change society |
| (B) any efforts to implement reforms in order to benefit society are doomed to failure | (D) nobody is impressed by The Brookfield Shop |



SO YOU WANT TO BE A DOG GROOMER

How was I going to explain calmly to a friend's cocker spaniel that I was taking him to the Holiday Inn at Newark airport in order to groom him for the National Dog Groomers Association of America's certification test?

There was no way. Unfortunately, the paunchy, five-year-old Clifford is particularly irritable—he is the dog equivalent of Broderick Crawford in an ill-fitting suit—so I had special reason to worry about his cooperation during the exam. In one respect, however, Clifford was the natural choice: he had

at least the eight weeks' hair growth that the test required.

Clifford stayed with me the night before the test. He spent most of his visit barking at my refrigerator. At 5:45 a.m. we awoke and drove to the Holiday Inn Jetport, where I told the two judges that I was the owner of a dog salon in the West Village called Ruff Trade. The test was being conducted in the Frank Borman Room—chairs had been stacked on the side and large sheets of plastic taped to the carpeting—but I nervously guided Clifford into the adjacent Chuck Yeager Room for some last-minute tweaking.

Several minutes later I took Clifford into the testing room, easing him onto the grooming table just as the younger judge began circling the room with a clipboard to inspect each of the nine prospective groomers' dogs. After putting her nose up to Clifford's side and inhaling, she palpated his ears. Clifford grumbled ominously. "Your dog has mats," she said. It was true. I had neglected to comb them out the evening before. "That's part of my grooming process," I explained to the woman. She made a note on her clipboard.

Seconds later she announced the commencement of grooming. The room whirled to life with the buzzing of electric clippers. I took my clippers and, running them along Clifford's side and back, discovered that this activity was not entirely pleasurable to him. He growled loudly. The National Dog Groomers Association of America's Breed Profile for the cocker spaniel advises that one closely trim "the folds in the lower jaw area (flews), where the hair is apt to hold saliva"; I considered doing so, but decided that I was not eager to see Clifford's reaction to my applying electricity to his saliva. Then, for reasons unclear to me even now, I decided it was time to work on Clifford's mats. Picking up my comb, I lifted his left ear. But as I touched the comb to the hair behind his ear, Clifford snarled and lifted his upper left lip, revealing a glistening incisor.

His behavior was distressing. There seemed to be little that Clifford was going to allow me to do to him, but surely I would fail the test if my dog experienced no change in his appearance. Fortunately, I had had the presence of mind to bring

along a few extra supplies: clamping Clifford's mouth shut with one hand, I pulled a lipstick from my bag with the other and proceeded to smear my snarly friend's snout with Clinique's Citrus Pink. When I saw that another cocker spaniel's ears were being clipped so unattractively "clean and close" that I could see the veins underneath, I applied a generous daub of alcohol-free Dep styling gel to Clifford's left ear and then curled several of the long tufts of hair on his ear up into a curler. While waiting for this to set, I applied two liberal coats of Hai Karate cologne to his back and midsection.

My methods were wholly uninteresting to the judges and other groomers, four of whom were having a passionate discussion about bringing one's children along on the dog- and cat-show circuits.

"That's the only thing about cat cages," said one woman. "You can't fit a kid in there."

"Bet me," another countered. "Bet me. My friend Donna has a Siamese and she tours constantly, and I've seen her put her kid in one. Easy."

At the conclusion of the hour-and-a-half exam period, the younger of the two judges picked up her clipboard and made her way over to Clifford and me. Silently she ran my comb through Clifford's hair. She lifted his right ear. She lifted his left ear.

"You hardly cut any of his hair," she said.

"I know," I responded. "This is what I call a Lite Groom."

She looked at me suspiciously. Then she went back to the older judge and whispered in her ear. The older judge was a muscular, compact woman who seemed to be perpetually on the boil. After raking my comb through Clifford's right hindquarter, she said in a forceful tone, "This is totally unacceptable."

She continued to look him over, wincing as she fully beheld the lipstick.

"I, uh... I was trying to capture a sense of the unexpected," I offered.

"No, I'm sorry, this dog is not acceptable. You should familiarize yourself with our Breed Profiles." She looked again at the Citrus Pink.

"It's lipstick," I said. "It's my grooming signature. I like a dog with a face."

most important part of your assignment?

(A) To be a good actor so that the Cubans will really believe that you are Cuban

(B) To study Spanish three weeks prior to your placement to perfect your accent

(C) To immediately offer money to a Cuban intelligence officer since he will sense you are not a Cuban

SANITATION WORKER

You are flushing the street with a hose.

Accidentally, you spray a few drops of [treated river water] on a passing pedestrian, who glares at you. Of the following, the best procedure is to tell the pedestrian

(A) to look where he is going

(B) that it was not your fault

(C) that you are sorry

(D) that he has no business crossing in the middle of the street

(E) to keep his dirty looks to himself

CIA AGENT

How do you feel about being a potential target of terrorist and/or opposing intelligence sources?

Explain, in 50 words or less, what role you feel the U.S. should play in the world.

Essay: There is an important piece of information in a desk on the fourth floor of a locked building after hours. What do you do? You have 30 seconds to put down everything you can think of. ➡➡➡

I received a zero on the test. The official critique of my work included the comment "Dog smells doggy." I declined to point out that this was unlikely since the dog was wearing

men's cologne. Both the critique and the older judge encouraged me to review the Association's Breed Profiles and to attend more dog shows.

We drove home in silence.

5. Which of the following statements concerning Clifford is/are supported by this passage:

- I. He is the dog equivalent of Richard Widmark in an ill-fitting suit.
II. Citrus Pink is his "high" color.
III. He is Donna's child.
- (A) I only (B) II only (C) III only
(D) I and II only (E) II and III only

SO YOU WANT TO BE A CEMENT MASON

One Saturday I waited outside Seward Park High School, on Grand Street, to take the written civil-service test for cement masons. The man standing

have the most similar purposes: (a) strike off rod and bull float; (b) edger and jitterbug; (c) bull float and darby; (d) groover and darby," I reflected that



Mason Diction:
 “You gotta either know somebody or know somebody who knows somebody. It’s all mob. Completely mob-run. Hey, what’s the proper fucking tool to prevent honeycombing?”

in front of me in line wore a shirt that said KISS A BRICK; he had much to say about the storage of power tools.

The test consisted of 80 questions. I did not know what screeding was. When asked "Which two of these tools

the tools all sounded like popular dance steps of the thirties and forties; however, my subsequent search for mentions of the Trunky Doo was completely in vain.

Since taking this test, I have spent more time thinking about sidewalks.

6. Select the lettered pair that BEST expresses a relationship similar to that expressed in the original pair.

DARBY:BULL FLOAT

- (A) shillelagh:cudgel
(B) gorget:brassard
(C) turnstone:corncrake
(D) broderick:crawford

SO YOU WANT TO BE A PSYCHIC

When a friend called from Miami to tell me that he had read about an organization that certifies psychics, something about his calm and assured

tone made me think my vocational ship had finally come in. I called the Florida phone number he had left on my machine and spoke to an employee

of the Universal Centre in Cassadaga. A seminar center with an extensive metaphysical bookstore, the Universal Centre has at least three psychic readers who are available from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. every day on the premises or from 10:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. over the phone (MasterCard, Visa and American Express accepted).

I told Dr. E. M. Sekunna, the founder, that I was a psychic who had been giving readings for seven years and that I was interested in obtaining certification. He explained to me that people who wish to become readers at the Centre must give an accurate reading for either him or one of the other Centre members; upon successful completion of this, the candidates "work with" and train under Dr. Sekunna for a period of months or even years.

I asked Dr. Sekunna if I could give him a reading over the phone.

"Sure," he said.

I paused dramatically.

"I'm sensing that something happened with an older woman you know within the first two months of this year. I'm not sure if it was a positive or negative thing, but the nature of your relationship changed as a result of this event...."

Dr. Sekunna said nothing.

"Orange," I said. "It's a — it's a color that has become important to you. It was not until very recently...."

"That's true. You'll find that a lot of Eastern mystics and yogis use the color orange in their spiritual work. If I were going to wear a robe, it would be orange."

"I'm seeing a little man with a beard who is living not in the hollow of a tree, but very close. He's very in touch with the woods. He is a sort of modern leprechaun. He has bells on his shoes."

"I'll try to explain that one to you," Dr. Sekunna said, and he proceeded to tell me about a Centre member who had moved from Miami to the more rural Cassadaga area. "You look at this guy and you want to call him a leprechaun. He's got an impish type of personality."

I was warming to this endeavor.

"I'm sensing... I'm sensing *cheese*," I intoned. "I'm not sure if it's a Roquefort



or something from the Pyrenees — but it's some kind of *blue cheese*."

"Well, I enjoy all kinds of cheese," he explained. "It's what I think I shouldn't eat so much of."

"I'm also sensing that the underside of tables is perhaps something that fascinates you."

"*The underside of tables?*"

"Yes, the underside of things," I continued calmly. "From a *dog's* perspective."

This seemed to give him pause. But then, finally: "Yes, I'm an investigator in life. I like to see what's on the bottom as well as what's on the top."

When I had finished my reading, Dr. Sekunna told me that I was "very highly sensitive."

Twelve days later Dr. Sekunna called back. Saying he had been looking over my chart, he tried to encourage me to go to Florida and take five hours of palmistry lessons with him for \$100. If those went well, I could then continue training for "a month or two."

"The more I've been thinking about you, the more I realize you're a *touch* person," he said. "If we work on that sensitivity that you already have, and then add palmistry skills, we have the ability to have you make four or five hundred dollars a week."

Having asked me if I am "locked into New York," he then explained that he hoped to open another Centre soon.

"This is exciting," I said. "And would you see me at this new Centre, or do you think maybe there would be a spot opening up at the current Centre?"

"I'll have a slot for you one way or the other."

Call me psychic. ☛

What do you think the CIA does?

HOSPITAL ATTENDANT

A douche is *not* used to

- (A) cleanse
- (B) reduce congestion
- (C) arrest hemorrhages
- (D) increase nervous tension

FOOD-SERVICE

SUPERVISOR

The best definition of a "Dressed" fowl is one that is

- (A) killed, bled, and plucked
- (B) killed, bled, plucked, and singed
- (C) killed, bled, plucked, singed, and trussed
- (D) killed, bled, plucked, singed, trussed, and government inspected

BUILDING CUSTODIAN

In dealing with the public, a Building Custodian should be

- (A) indulgent
- (B) courteous
- (C) disagreeable
- (D) unavailable

TRAVEL AGENT

What are the Tropics?

- (A) A hot-blooded tribe in New Guinea
- (B) Daily travel news bulletins
- (C) Belts of the earth on each side of the equator

FLORAL DESIGNER

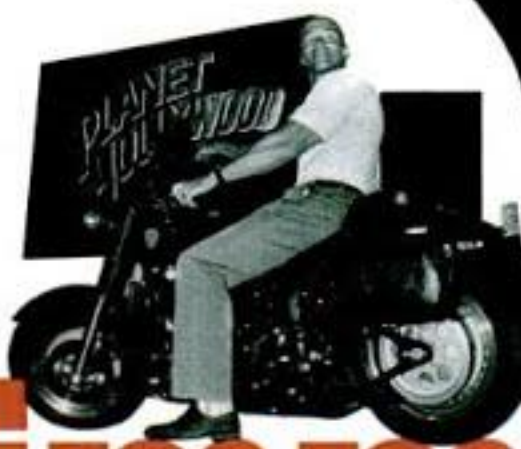
The proper technique for selling floral designs involves

- (A) ignoring customers when they are waiting for service
- (B) being assertive, taking no nonsense from the customer
- (C) treating the customer the way you would want to be treated
- (D) calling the customer "honey" or "dear" ☛

7. Answer true or false:

"I would say that I am a sort of modern leprechaun."

Soon to B Gimme-Cap-and-SW Resta



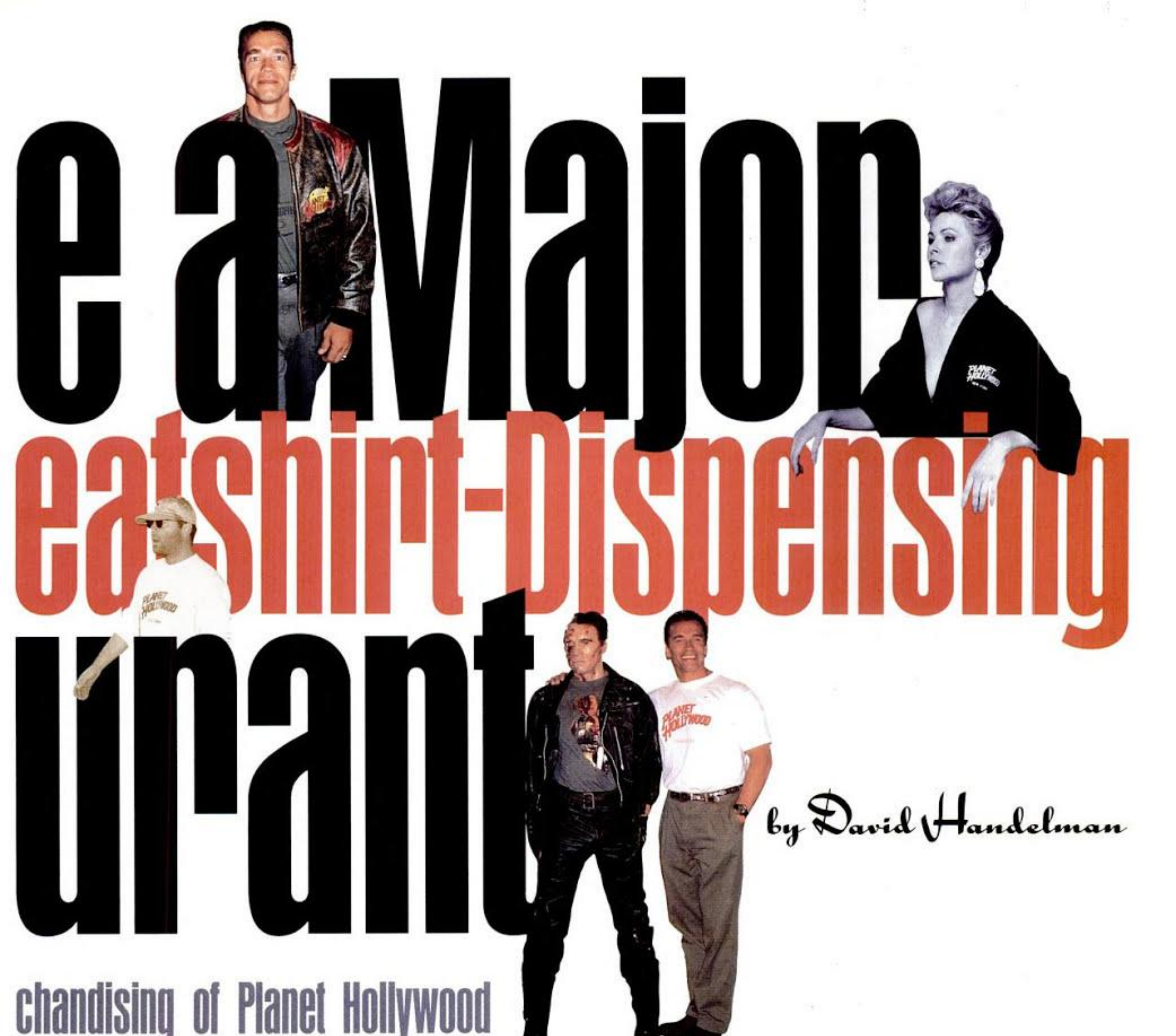
Inside the \$15 Million Making, Hying and Mer

Imagine going out for a burger and fries—for coffee—and bumping into Kevin Costner—and stumbling into a theme restaurant—and stumbling into a theme away still more of your leisure dollars

and sitting next to Bruce and Demi! Imagine meeting friends Costner! Imagine entering what you think is a New York park created by the guy who did the sets for *Batman*! Imagine giving to actor-impresarios Arnold Schwarzenegger and Sly Stallone!

LAST WEEK," SAYS BOBBY ZAREM, "I WANTED TO KILL MYSELF." NO, THE EMINENT NEW York publicist hadn't looked deep inside himself, examined a life spent hyping Jackie Mason, Cher and Pee-wee Herman, and concluded that death was preferable to another evening working the tables at Elaine's. Nor had he been pushed to the brink by the umpteenth person to accost him and say, "Hey, you look just like Larry from the Three Stooges!"—he *likes* that. What had moved Zarem to near-suicide was a photograph in *People*: "There's a huge picture of Bruce Willis riding an elephant at the circus. He's wearing a PLANET HOLLYWOOD cap, but it's turned facing the other way, so you can't tell what it is!"

This was a precious chance lost for Zarem and Planet Hollywood, the upcoming \$15 million restaurant on



Planet Hollywood

eatshirt-Dispensing

urant

by David Handelman

chandising of Planet Hollywood

West 57th Street, just down the block from the Hard Rock Cafe. As envisioned by its backers, Planet Hollywood will be *the* movie-star hangout in New York, a place where ordinary folk will have the opportunity to mingle with stars such as Willis, Schwarzenegger and Stallone while eating burgers and pasta in a breathtakingly spectacular cinematic environment.

What separates this dream from those of most hyperbolic club impresarios is the restaurant's pedigree: the three actors are actually investors in the place, having agreed to exchange capital and personal appearances for a cut of the profits; Keith Barish, a movie producer of middling success and some upper-middlebrow repute (*Sophie's Choice*, *Ironweed*, *Light of Day*), is the instigator of the project and an investor; Anton Furst, the set designer best known for his work on Tim Burton's *Batman*, is in charge of the restaurant's design—which is budgeted at \$8 million. (Zarem is also an investor and will get 1 percent of the profits, he says, "because I have some authorship of the concept here.") Plans for a half-dozen more Planets worldwide—sequels, if you will—are under way well before a single turkey burger has hit the griddle (and, for that matter, before the griddle has been installed). According to one Zarem press release, Planet, scheduled to open in September, will be nothing less than a "world-wide cultural phenomenon."

Complementing the visual splendor and star power will be a 90-seat state-of-the-art screening room downstairs, office space for rent upstairs, a function room and adjacent VIP room and, most important, a boutique of ultradesirable Planet Hollywood merchandise. Already Zarem has sent logoed T-shirts, sweatshirts, caps, terry-cloth robes and leather jackets to hundreds of public figures, from Kim Basinger to Wayne Gretzky to Eddie Murphy to Swifty Lazar to Sam Shepard to George Bush—the idea being that if enough famous people publicly sport their Planet Hollywood togs, there will ensue a mass acquisitive frenzy like the one that motivates people to spend \$10 million a year on Hard Rock merchandise in New York City alone. “People have started to fucking wear the sweatshirts, all this shit, all over the country,” says Zarem. “Harry Hamlin—his girlfriend, Nicolette Sheridan, has a jacket, and I promised him one as soon as I get some more!” The degree to which the public will imitate the stars’ sartorial choices will play a big role in Planet Hollywood’s fortunes. Unlike the Hard Rock, where the T-shirts and baseball caps began as an afterthought, Planet is counting heavily on merchandise sales to recoup its backers’ investment. Barish expects Planet to break even in 12 to 18 months. “We look at the Hard Rock’s numbers,” Barish says, “and think we’ll surpass them.”

At first blush Planet Hollywood seems suspiciously like a no-brainer remake of the Hard Rock, of which Zarem used to be publicist, with film references substituted for rock ‘n’ roll ones. “I don’t mind the comparison with the Hard Rock,” says Barish. “It’s either the third- or second- or fourth-largest tourist attraction in New York. But it’s like saying the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney are the same because they both hang pictures.” (Barish, an art collector, does not indicate which museum his restaurant will resemble more.)

Judging from what actually is supposed to decorate the walls and ceilings—Elvis’s last motorcycle, Steve McQueen’s *Great Escape* motorcycle, Arnold’s from *Terminator 2*, giant columns shaped like Marilyn Monroe’s legs, actresses’ lipstick imprints, a blimp-shaped room called Hollywood Heaven filled with clouds and dead film stars’ personal effects—

Hollywood, scheduled to open in September, will be

Planet Hollywood, or the Planet Hollywood that Furst has designed, will resemble the Hard Rock less than it will the Universal Studios tour.

But don’t say this to Barish or Furst, who scrapped plans

to have a latex shark rising out of a pool, King Kong climbing over a veranda, an animatronic Bogart greeting customers and a holographic Marilyn-in-the-sky blowing kisses to the diners below. “We suddenly realized we were in severe danger of being a theme park,” Furst says, enunciating *theme park* as if he were saying *diarrhea*. Barish, whose fact-finding missions on behalf of Planet have included trips to the Mirage and Excalibur hotels in Las Vegas, agrees. “We’re not trying to fool anyone into thinking you’re in a theme park,” he says.

Of course not. Instead, they’re trying to fool people into thinking Schwarzenegger will actually be, as he told a TV interviewer, “in dee kitchen cookink vee-nah schnitzel.” Planet hopes to jam in 200 customers at a time, with ten seatings a day—meaning, Barish admits, that the average customer will get only 45 to 50 minutes per visit. The inexpensive menu will feature what Zarem describes as “sexy dishes,” but diners will be more hungry for an opportunity to occupy a space that may recently have been occupied by a famous person. Though Robert De Niro opened a similar restaurant-moviemaking complex in TriBeCa last year, De Niro’s partner in the restaurant, Drew Nieporent, says the difference between his place

and Planet is “like an art movie vs. *Total Recall*.... We have customers interested in *themselves*, and in *dinner*.”

Planet Hollywood, on the other hand, will be “the knock-down, drop-dead hangout of all time,” says Zarem with an absolutely straight face. “We will have the hottest, most beautiful models, the chic-est social people, any star in Hollywood—as well as people from Columbus, Ohio.... I don’t mean to sound like an asshole. But it’s been in all of our bones for years. When I tell people the idea, people can’t fucking-cock-shit-ass imagine why nobody’s done it before.”

“Welcome to Planet Hollywood,” says a cheerful young woman in a skirt much too short for this raw February day. “Want a hard hat?” Although the street-level space where Bruce Willis is scheduled to preside over a ground-breaking ceremony and place his feet in wet cement is just a few paces from Carnegie Hall, this part of West 57th Street looks more like downtown Baghdad. The chilly

According to one of Zarem’s press releases, Planet

space, rented by Barish from developer Harry Macklowe, is a mishmash of crumbling pillars, rubble and caged light bulbs strung on extension cords. Waiters stumble among tiny folding chairs, trying to dispense white-chocolate bonbons and curried-duck salad.

Each member of the press receives a PLANET HOLLYWOOD hard hat and Furst’s sketch of the restaurant, scrolled up in a black PLANET HOLLYWOOD ribbon.

Furst, a low-key Englishman with long, straight hair and a disarming smile, tells the crowd his design is “a witty if not affectionate view of Hollywood.... It’s a mistake to try to explain too much. After all, if you can explain it, why build it?” (Barish later says Furst was paraphrasing the painter Francis Bacon.) In Furst’s rendering, this gutted space has become a *Blade Runner*-meets-Holiday Inn nightclub. One floor is painted to look like a swimming pool (a key image of Hollywood, says Furst) and

nothing less than a “world-wide cultural phenomenon”

dotted with palm trees, directors' chairs and table lamps with Oscar-shaped bases. The three famous motorcycles hang overhead, climbing through pearly gates toward the ceiling—"Anton thought it'd be cool," explains Barish, "more life-like, to have them going around a corner in motion, rather than against a wall." A huge movie screen is cut out of a wall made to look like button-back quilting. "It just evokes that period [of 1930s musicals]," Barish says. "The whole wall would be covered with it in a glamorous apartment." Another wall features a searchlight-crossed vista of L.A. with the HOLLYWOOD sign topped by the word PLANET. Off to the left hovers the Starship *Enterprise*, a perfunctory nod to TV. "Television is Hollywood, too," Barish says, "and I think we have to include it. You know, all the studios are heavily involved in television, and in many cases it's more profitable for them than movies. Although that's not my consideration."

Today's ground-breaking is being emceed by the restaurant's operations chief, a compact Brit named Robert Earl. Earl, who with Barish holds a 70 percent stake in the venture, works for Rank Organisation PLC, a British entertainment conglomerate and another Planet investor. He is also CEO of the half of the Hard Rock empire originally owned by Isaac Tigrett, and is responsible for the chain's expansion beyond the East Coast to places like Reykjavík and Stockholm. (The Hard Rock empire's other half still belongs to original co-owner Peter Morton, who is in the process of opening, brilliantly and appallingly, a Hard Rock Hotel Casino in Las Vegas.)

Also present today, but never introduced, is Charles Daboub, the architect obliged to translate Furst's trippy sketches into an actual restaurant. Daboub's Dallas-based firm has designed some 200 restaurants, including several Hard Rocks, but has never worked in New York, having specialized in high-volume mall restaurants with names like El Chico. He dismisses any compari-

sons of Planet with his Hard Rock work, saying, "You always end up very similar to another operation that does the same type of volume, the same type of merchandise—I'm sorry, same type of *menu*."

Barish, a youthful man in his forties, tells his guests, "This is more than just another restaurant or even a huge entertainment complex—it's *a world unto itself*. It's designed and run

by movie people, not simply for themselves, but so that eventually millions of people can participate *personally* in the movie experience." He later says, "I don't think [ordinary people] have any other real attempt to mingle with movie people the way they do here. They could go to a studio re-creation of what the movies are, but that's an amusement park. Or they can feel uncomfortable going to a movie hangout and maybe getting in or maybe not. Or they can participate in it [here]." Why go to film school when you can sit under Elvis's bike eating nachos while Steve Guttenberg attends a private screening downstairs?

Bruce Willis finally shuffles in, practically hidden under an overcoat and a pate-obscuring PLANET HOLLYWOOD cap. Willis grabs a shovel and lifts a pile of rubble, posing for the paparazzi. "Take your coat off!" they plead. Willis smirks at them and, thinking himself funny, replies, "All of you right here, take your clothes off!"

During the brief Q&A session, Willis explains that he has invested because "I needed a place to hang out in New York"—a sentiment that's made to order for Barish, Earl and Zarem but probably isn't as frank as Schwarzenegger's statement a few months later at the Cannes Film Festival: "I've always had tremendous interest...in things that I think are gonna make a lot of money." Willis soon troops off, but Zarem employee Lisa Long assures the photographers, "Bruce is gonna do the feet thing." (The Planet facade will be decorated with the footprints and autographs in cement of what Barish calls "the top 50" stars.) The cement that Willis is supposed to step in, however, has hardened too quickly, and everybody is sent home.

"For Mr. Barish," a Ritz-Carlton waitress says, "we will do what needs to be done!" She hands the producer a blurry Polaroid, just snapped in the kitchen, of a cooked turkey, then serves him the bird in slices. It's two weeks after the ground-breaking, and Barish is in the dining room of the place where *he* hangs out when he's in New York.

"This is a special spicy turkey from Mrs. Gooch's, a health-food supermarket in L.A.," he explains. "I told the people here, 'You oughtta get it on the menu,' and they spent \$150 to send in a \$58 turkey for me. But I want to go on record—I didn't *ask* for this."

A few moments later Zarem arrives and immediately starts devouring the turkey. "I was looking for a good book to read about Louis XIV," he says between bites. "Hannah Pakula recommended *The Sun King*."

"I read it five or six years ago," replies Barish. "You know, Louis Fischer wrote a book on Gandhi that was Dickie Attenborough's inspiration for the movie. It gets a little more depressing when you get to Louis XVI. Apparently, Marie Antoinette was a dog—she had false teeth and *wasn't* this great beauty."



Let the hype begin! Willis, Barish, Earl and Furst at the ground-breaking ceremony orchestrated by Zarem (inset)

Restaurant of 1,000 Stars

EXCLUSIVE: THE ANNOTATED PLANET HOLLYWOOD FLOOR PLAN

SPY asked publicist Bobby Zarem to describe precisely the celebrity-studded premiere he imagines for Planet Hollywood this fall: "a gala, invitation-only opening with 500 people there, the most exciting, interesting, dynamite, colorful people in the fields of sports, journalism, modeling, movies and maybe politics." Alas, his "good friend" Jason Patric probably won't be among the celebrants, Bobby says, because "with all this {Julia Roberts} shit going on, the likelihood of his coming is not great." But as for the other megastars, Zarem knows who will be there, and where and why.



Furst's rendition of the scaled-down facade

BALTIMORE ORIOLE CAL RIPKEN JR.
"I helped him tie his bow tie over the phone before he went to the Rainbow Room."

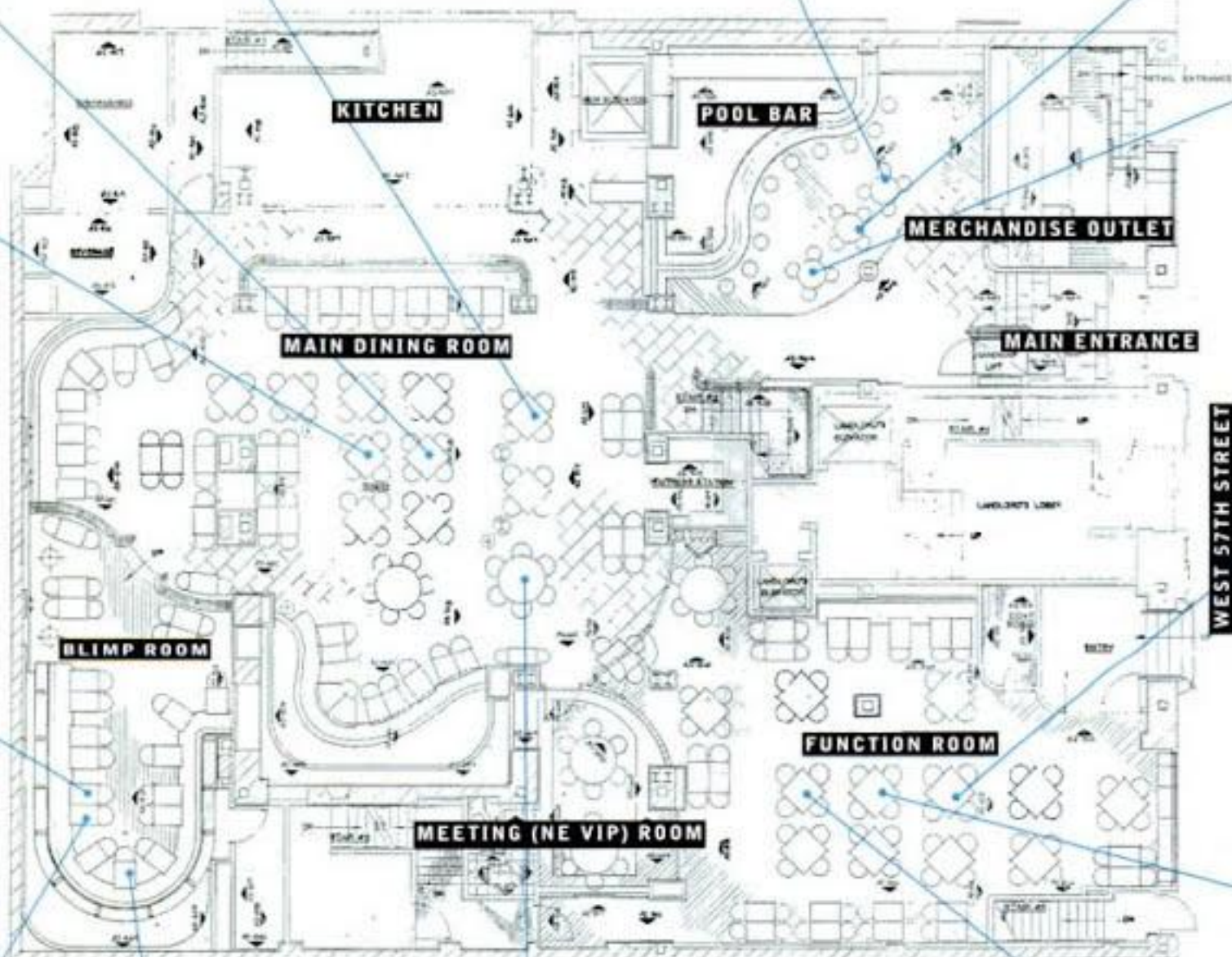
SOPHIA LOREN
"I could see Arnold going over to her and saying, 'Look at this cyborg!'"

LIZA MINNELLI
"I think she'll come, she's a friend of ours."

GOLDIE HAWN
"If she wanted to come...I'd sure as shit fly her in."

JAKE BLOOM
"Arnold's and Bruce's and Anton's attorney."

BETSY AND WALTER CRONKITE
"I could see them talking to ALEC BALDWIN and KIM BASINGER."



SENATOR AL GORE
"If his wife is there, he won't be talking to a music star!"

JEREMY IRONS
"He just sent me a long letter saying his agent had gotten the robe I sent him."

ELLE MACPHERSON
"I could see her talking to—with WARREN having a baby, and JACK, all the bachelors are spoken for!"

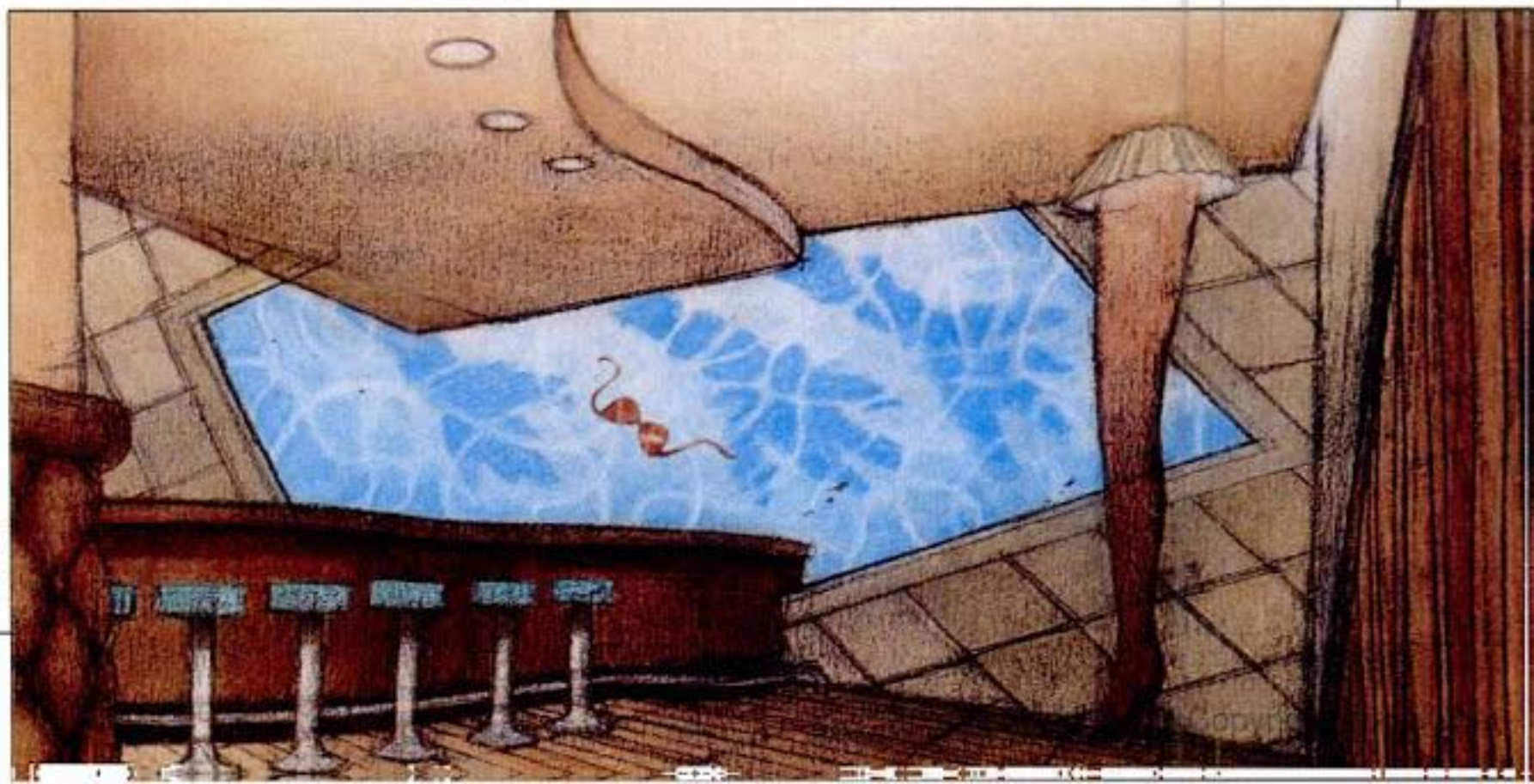
STING AND CARLY SIMON
"These are people we've been in touch with."

THE OWNERS
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
BRUCE WILLIS
SYLVESTER STALLONE
JOHN HUGHES

CHYNNA AND MICHELLE PHILLIPS
"But there'll be a party here for Michelle a few weeks later, so she may not want to come."

JACKIE ONASSIS
"She's Arnold's aunt. She came to my luncheon [in 1977, before she was Arnold's aunt] for *Pumping Iron*."

The pool bar, with bikini top and Marilyn leg



Barish's interest in literature goes way back. He entered the movie business in 1979 by spending \$5 million of the fortune he'd made in Florida—through banking and real estate—on the film rights to dozens of books, most notably \$750,000 for William Styron's *Sophie's Choice*. "I thought, *Better to go down with something glorious than a lotta pieces of junk*," he says.

But the first movie Barish actually produced was a horrible botch of Scott Spencer's novel *Endless Love*, starring Brooke Shields. After most of his expensive, tony book-adaptation projects fell through, Barish became pretty much like any other independent producer, alternating big-bucks Schwarzenegger sci-fi (*The Running Man*) with stillborn assem-

but it was *that much* excitement."

Barish found a former GM showroom and repair shop at 56th Street and Broadway, then owned by the Durst family. Even before signing a lease, he racked up more than \$850,000 in design and legal fees. But Barish, after all, is a movie producer, accustomed to throwing money at problems. "He'd say, 'Aaah, it's just another painting off the wall,'" says one consultant.

"It was an undertaking we would not *dream* of doing," says Douglas Durst, "and *we* were *experienced*. It was such a wild idea—the money they were going to have to spend, they'd never amortize their investment. I don't think Keith's the most practical person."

But Barish plowed ahead, even having Zarem spoon-feed this item to gossip columnist Suzy in November 1988: "Cafe Hollywood is the name and who knows, it may run the real Hollywood out of business.... They're trying to talk Sophia Loren into making an imprint of her famous bottom in wet cement."

After 39 drafts, the lease never got signed. Barish blames the Dursts; the Dursts say he never proved he'd pay for all he'd have to. In April 1989, Barish put Cafe Hollywood into apparent turnaround. But the idea wasn't dead; Barish fell back on the standard Hollywood tactic—networking. Through Zarem's Hard Rock connection, he met Robert Earl, and, Barish says, "there was combustion." Then, flying across the country on MGM

"We will have the hottest, most beautiful models, the

blages of name talent (Paulina Porizkova and Tom Selleck in *Her Alibi*, Michael J. Fox and Joan Jett in *Light of Day*, Nicolas Cage and Sean Young in *Firebirds*).

He got the idea for Planet Hollywood the way most producers get ideas for movies—from somebody else. In 1987 he was working on *Her*

Alibi when an actor named Bryan Kestner looked up from reading the script and said, "Why don't you do something called the Hollyrock, where you combine Hollywood and rock music?" "The more I thought about it, it became really intriguing," Barish says today. "The Hard Rock had its limitations.... If you look at the covers of major magazines, it's not Whitney Houston, it's Schwarzenegger or Willis." From Whitney vs. MoMA to Whitney Houston vs. Bruce Willis.

So Barish called Zarem, who had publicized some of his movies, and presented his idea for a Cafe Hollywood. "My jaw fell on the floor," recalls Zarem. "I sat there and stared at him for 15 minutes, because the concept was so cogent, so obvious, the idea that people from Hollywood and every other fucking walk of life would want to hang out there. Not to compare it to the Hard Rock,

Grand Air, Barish bumped into Harry Macklowe and persuaded him to rent the West 57th Street location. Barish got 20,000 square feet, plus 3,500 more on the top floor for office space, for more than \$1 million a year.

chic-est social people, any star in Hollywood," says Zarem.

Barish recruited Furst through their mutual power-locus L.A. law firm, Bloom Dekom and Hergott. Comparing Furst's design (which now includes table lamps cast from Schwarzenegger's arm and a "Hollywood Clothesline" of famous costumes) with that of the original Cafe Hollywood, Barish says, "It's the difference between Picasso's *Guernica* and something sold in Central Park. It's the difference between *Batman* and—" He stops short, unwilling to name names. "Any number of movies." It's MoMA, not the Whitney; it's a bankable movie star, not Whitney Houston; it's *Guernica* and *Batman*, not a cheap lithograph or—well, a Keith Barish movie.

And, finally, Barish called his friends Arnold and Bruce. Barish knew that Schwarzenegger was the right kind of play-ball partner, because he'd shown up at Barish's *Monster Squad* premiere and graciously posed for paparazzi while hugging Frankenstein's monster. Then, during *Home Alone*'s climb to No. 3 on the all-time box-office list, and after the expansion of the Planet concept to a chain, the partners enlisted John Hughes. "Hughes was looking for a place in Chicago to hang out," says Earl. "He was finishing filming late every night and didn't have reservations in places and wasn't recognized." To remedy this gross injustice, the Chicago Planet will "probably have a John Hughes table, which stays empty in case he's coming in." In exchange for the privilege of not being treated like a weenie, Hughes will also donate Macaulay Culkin's toboggan from *Home Alone*—the Rosebud in his *Kane*, as it were.

It's another smoggy May day in Bel Air. Barish, standing on a terrace that affords views of both his pool and downtown L.A., is once again explaining his high concept. "The idea of the restaurant is to walk in off 57th Street, especially if it's winter and it's snowing or raining and gloomy, and you walk into *this*." He sweeps his arm out at the view, look-

"As well as people from Columbus, Ohio."

DON'T STOP 'TIL YOU GET ENOUGH

Coming Soon: The First Theme Park Devoted Exclusively to the Jackson Family!



Like the backers of Planet Hollywood, Tito Jackson and Ed Tate resent comparisons of their enterprise, Jackson's Main Event, to the Hard Rock Cafe. "A lot of people have asked the same old question: 'Is this going to be something like the Hard Rock?' And no, it's going to be two or three notches removed from the Hard Rock," says Tate, the Main

Event's president. "Tito came up with an interesting phrase [to describe the Main Event], and that is, *a total entertainment experience*."

Tito is, of course, the second-oldest member of the original Jackson 5 (you'll remember him as the pudgy one with the cap), and Jackson's Main Event, when completed, will be to his family what Hyde Park is to the Roosevelts: an entertaining, educational monument to a unique, influential American family—in this case, with the added attraction of interactive music video.

"There's not very much in that northern Midwest region of America," says Tito, explaining his family's decision to build Jackson's Main Event on a 32,000-square-foot lot within the Mall of America, the 78-acre shopping-and-entertainment complex now under construction in Bloomington, Minnesota. "Coming from that area—Chicago area, Gary, Indiana—I remember as a kid there wasn't very much to do, even in the summer months."

So Jackson's Main Event, with Tito as its CEO, will provide visitors with live entertainment, amateur-talent showcases, attractive merchandise (Jermaine is working with Tito on possible logo designs) and museumlike exhibits that will allow tourists to trace the family's history from its cozy, precocious beginnings in Gary to its moneyed, sprawling, somewhat dysfunctional state today.

"As you walk in the door," says Tate, "there will be a replica of their home... at 2300 Jackson Street... and you will be able to experience the home situation and hear the music of the late fifties and early sixties that influenced them.... They didn't just come out of a vacuum, okay? They *evolved*. And we want to be able to tell someone that story."

Just as Planet Hollywood hopes to make visitors feel as if they were personally participating in the filmmaking process, Tito and Tate want Main Event patrons to feel as if they'd achieved Jacksonhood. "We're working now with the possibility of putting together some sort of video that would have a fan actually being able to be superimposed on a video, dancing with the Jacksons onstage or something like that," says Tate. "Something that they can walk away with that's kind of a real personal experience they can show to other people."

Though Tito will function as the principal Jackson-family operative, he emphasizes that all the Jacksons, including Michael and Janet, will be involved. "We will *be* the Main Event," he says. "We want to give our fans and public a sense of personality, almost like we're there with them.... If [Michael's] in the area or in concert or whatever, he can stop by and give a wave and sign a couple of 'graphs.'"

Tito says that the Main Event will open along with the rest of the Mall of America a year from now, even though early this summer he and Tate had neither fully worked out the details of what the Main Event will encompass nor decided on a designer for the facility.

These minor obstacles aside, Tito and Tate feel bullish. "We basically want to keep it very *exclusive*," says Tate. "We don't want to duplicate it in every city, in every mall." For this reason, proposed locations of additional Jackson's Main Events will, for now, be limited to Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Atlanta, Orlando, Paris, Madrid, Berlin, Australia and Tokyo.

—Maureen Shelly

ing not unlike Carol Merrill on *Let's Make a Deal*. "But an *image* of this."

"I found that staring at a pool, particularly when the pumps are going and everything, is very relaxing," says Furst. The life-size pool at Planet has been relocated in Furst's design from the dining-area floor to the wall behind the bar, where it will be mounted sideways. Complementing the pool area will be a real diving board and a coyly-tossed-aside bikini top, either Marilyn Monroe's or Madonna's. Lights projecting through a tray of water will make the wall look wet, satisfying Furst's desire for a relaxing gurgling-pool effect without posing liability problems. "We don't want anyone to think that there's a *pool* up there," says Barish. "I mean, this isn't a *theme park*—we're not trying to fake anybody out."

No, Planet Hollywood has to be *real*, a testament to the genuineness of film history. Barish has been spending money by the tens of thousands for such auction-house gems as Clark Gable's liquor flask, a bell Vivien Leigh gave Laurence Olivier, and a charcoal portrait of James Dean (price: \$17,000) upon which the actor inscribed the protestation "Look not upon this figure for the greatness that is demanded of me."

MTV veejay Adam Curry, who wore the PLANET HOLLYWOOD T-shirt Zarem sent him on the air, is skeptical of the notion that youngsters with disposable income will want to see old movie memorabilia. "I think that a rock 'n' roll thing even a hundred years old [*sic*] is more interesting to a kid than, say, James Dean's steering wheel," he says. "Kids today have not seen a James Dean movie—they see Paula Abdul's video where Keanu Reeves is doing *Rebel Without a Cause* and she's doing Natalie Wood, and they say, 'What is that about?'"

Still, Barish and Earl have stuck with their fifties icons. "It's funny," says Barish, "because I was meeting with a director who's one of the four or five top directors in the world, and he said, 'You know what you should get? That monkey that James

Dean carried in *Rebel Without a Cause*. And I said, 'We bought it!'" (Barish later lets slip that the top director was John Hughes.)

Overall, Planet Hollywood's memorabilia collection will more reflect the owners' connections than it will the history of cinema or popular taste: through Arnold, Planet Hollywood has both the cyborg from *Terminator 2* (price: \$25,000) and the phone booth from *Commando*; Zarem got hold of a pair of crude spears from *Spartacus* because he knew he could get his pal Kirk Douglas to donate them in a public ceremony. Barish says that he and his partners sought souvenirs from *Spartacus* rather than, say, *Citizen Kane* because "Orson Welles is dead. If he were alive and still sitting at his table at Ma Maison, I would've gone over and talked to him about it."

Only weeks separate Barish and company from the scheduled September opening date, and the appropriate buzz is in the air: Sneaker companies and soda manufacturers, he says, have started to ask about promotional tie-ins; Barish says he'll do only a few "sensible" ones. Producers have begun to inquire

producers get ideas for movies—from somebody else

about using the place for premieres. *Interview* has asked to set up seminars sponsored by Kodak, and the American Film Institute wants to hold tributes there. Zarem's celebrity product-placement targets have been surprisingly willing to comply with his marketing strategy: the *New York Post* ran a photo of Madonna jogging in a PLANET HOLLYWOOD T-shirt.

But for all the expertly engineered hoopla, the space at West 57th Street still looks much as it did the day of Willis's press conference. Furst wanted the facade to be decorated with long, backlit filmstrip-style portraits of stars like Dean, Monroe and Bogart, and an illuminated globe bearing the PLANET logo. But zoning codes forbid illuminated signs on 57th Street and limit space for exterior signage to a paltry

20 square feet. Only the exterior's awnings, and the latex palm trees, remain intact.

Inside, Marilyn's many legs, originally planned to number a dozen, have been reduced to two at the entrance to Hollywood Heaven and one in the main dining area. "We don't want to overdo it," says Barish. Gone are the pearly gates ("They look like cemetery gates, don't they?"); likewise a zebra-patterned floor ("Nobody got the reference," says Barish, who explains that zebra-patterned floors were de rigueur in 1930s nightclubs). Also scrapped are plans for a wall that looks like the view from a car window and a special ocean-wave simulator. The button-back movie screen is now overhead and modified to look like a drive-in screen, though Barish is still uncertain what it should show (clips? Menu specials? Trailers for *Terminator 3* and *Die Even Harder*?).

The most dramatic changes are in the plans for the VIP room. Originally it was to have a private bar with its own rest rooms and TV, and as Zarem envisioned it, "Someone could go late at night, like Costner, Nicholson, if they want to watch a fight on TV... No pushy security people, not a Studio 54 situation, but a place where the partners and their friends can sit and have meals brought to them." At one point it was going to be outfitted with a fireplace from a famous Hollywood mansion and have a separate, special menu and a full-time butler on duty. By June, Barish had decided it "would really be just for meetings and interviews," and it was scaled back to just a couch, a desk and a bathroom—all the better, anyway, since elitist, seclusive stars don't suit Planet philosophy: "It defeats the purpose of what we're trying to do, which is to make this not a movie-star hangout but something for the public—yet a place where a movie star or a celebrity will want to go, at least enough of the time to, uh, *share* that experience with the pub-

Barish got the idea for Planet Hollywood the way most

lic. And that's a delicate balance."

Barish says that late in the planning stage he realized he was focusing too much on Hollywood's glitz. So while patrons suck down margaritas, they can visit a special area set aside by Barish for "a more serious tribute to Hollywood and the courageous stands it took in movies, from *Gentleman's Agreement* to *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Soph*—uh, movies on apartheid like *Cry Freedom* or *A Dry White Season*, or a movie like *Gandhi*, or *Sophie's Choice* or *Ironweed*, whatever, movies that really tried to make a difference."

The days continue to tick away, and Barish and Furst are having yet another design meeting, discussing such issues as where to stick the dummy of the dead astronaut from 2001. (He ends up in Hollywood Heaven.) "I had one crazy idea I wanted to try," Barish says. "I was thinking of going to a special-effects guy and having him come up with a planet that could actually move around in the starry ceiling."

"Is that too theme-park?" responds Furst.

"Well," says Barish, "I'm asking *you*."

"I think that it is," says Furst. "Totally, yes—if it's literal and moving in all directions."

"Like the Hard Rock used the car that's upside-down or sideways," Barish says, hoping for a positive response.

Furst sets Barish straight: "See, Planet, it's a thing of the mind rather than something *literal*."

"Okay," says Barish, backtracking. "It's a *terrible* idea. It's a *Bobby Zarem* idea." He pauses and ponders. "But I'd like *something* going on up there." ▀

Acropolis Now

Madonna Goes Homeric and Renaissance; Commentary Worships Zeus; a Classic Look at the Paper of Record

by Humphrey Greddon

And they're off! Writing about Dolly Parton for *Vanity Fair*, Kevin Sessums is out of the gate fast: "A Texan with an instinct for crude can, like Dolly herself, go from bust to millionaire in a matter of months....Parton's battle plan for her own brand of femininity—a kind of Desert Form, if you will..." But here comes Carl Wayne profiling Madonna for *Time*: "Madonna's artistic persona has clearly transformed from Daffy Disco Dolly into a more substantial, surrealistic Poly Dali incarnation." Sessums: "[Parton] is certainly the doll in dollar." Wayne: "A quantum artistic growth spurt, if you will."

They're neck and neck—if you will! Sessums: "'Bearing witness'... means to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ. Dolly chose to bear wit." It's Sessums in the lead: "We were having dinner with a group of mutual friends at Le Madri, a Manhattan restaurant frequented by the city's rakish clump of frequenters....Ivana sent over a bottle of wine....The Blonde leading the Blonde." But hold on—here's Wayne with "Hypnagogic sexscape...Circe with a wink and a whip" and, beating Sessums at the wire, "Call them out-of-bawdy Madonna experiences." A surprise—on a sloppy track Sessums is usually a sure thing.

Let's say—just for argument's sake—that you've been buying *Entertainment Weekly*. Then you might have read this line of James Bernard's: "Digital Underground's *Same Song* transcends being a musical track for a party to become the party itself." Or this appraisal from the usually smart and engaging

Gary Giddins: "Julie London's timbre and phrasing had a savvy that let you know she could probably deconstruct *Finnegans Wake*—by candlelight and in a shorty nightgown." If you had read them, you probably would have thought, *Either these reviews have been badly translated from Gaelic or—as is more likely—they are meaningless.* (Supporting the latter theory would be the knowledge that all rock reviews seem to consist of phrases pasted up randomly by the art department.) Strangely enough, *EW*'s editors appear to agree that these comments are nearly useless. A recent issue included a full-page ad for a new 900 number that allows a caller to listen to selections reviewed in the magazine. (Needless to say, this service carries a fee.) In the ad, the quotes above were reproduced and a young man holding a copy of *EW* was pictured wearing a quizzical, annoyed expression. The headline read, **BUT WHAT DOES IT SOUND LIKE?** I believe a serious conflict of interest exists here. This arrangement actually

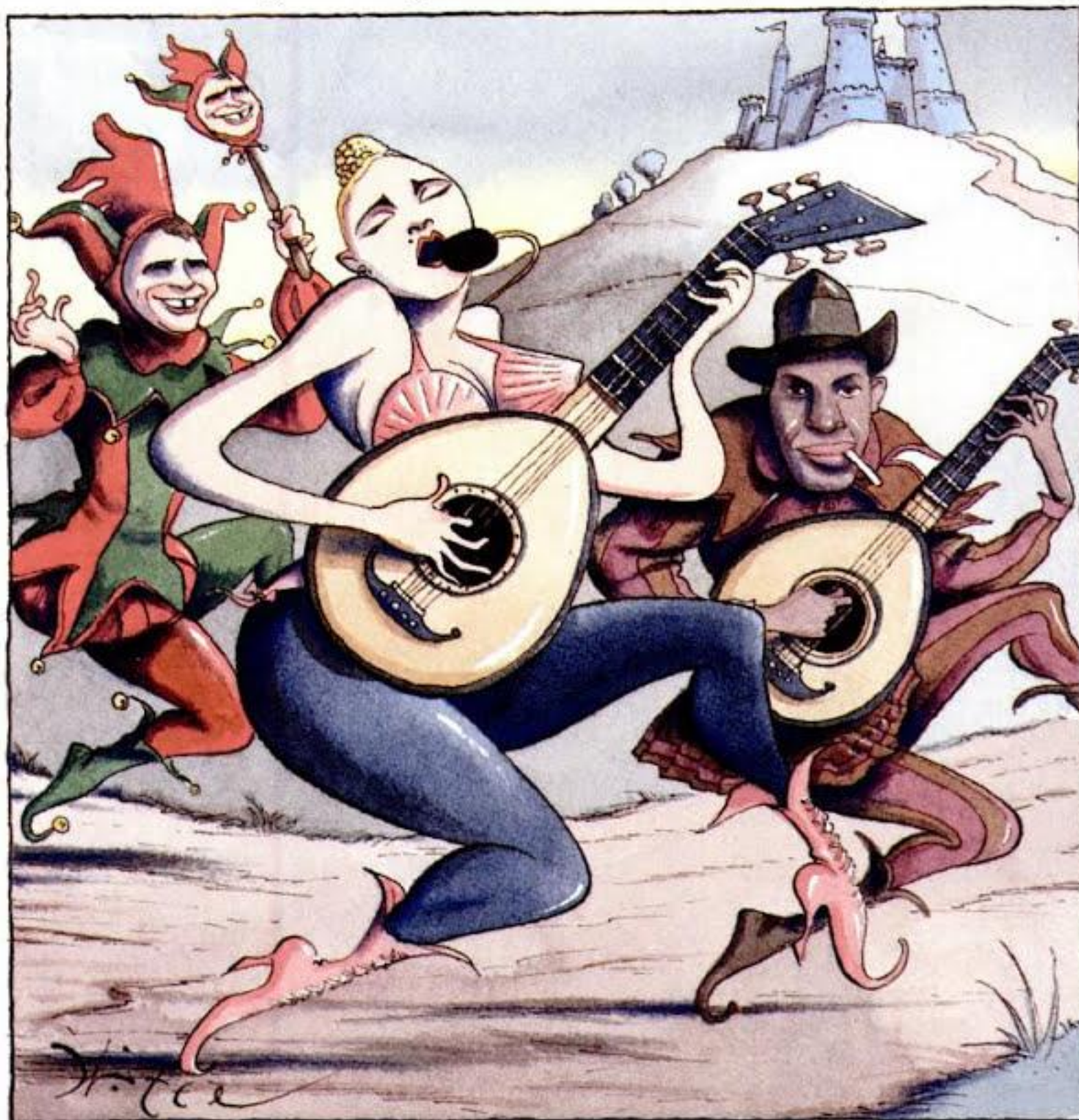


Illustration by Michael Witte

makes it *profitable* for EW's music critics to be frustratingly opaque and nonsensical. Meanwhile, they obviously need no encouragement.

Also in a recent EW, Tom De Haven reviewed Thomas M. Disch's *The M.D.* and called him "a brazen, demanding, endlessly inventive writer" and "a devilishly clever narrator!" The novel, De Haven said, is "a pitiless fairy tale and a Faustian pastiche, a (doomed) family chronicle and a crackerjack medical thriller." Quite a rave! De Haven gave the book just about the highest praise you can give a work of art these days; he gave it an A. And better yet, to actually experience Thomas Disch ourselves, we didn't even have to call a 900 number. We could simply turn to, a few pages later, some video reviews Disch himself had written for EW. "*The Rose Tattoo* [is] another slice of ham grilled to perfection by [Burt] Lancaster," Disch wrote, brazenly and demandingly. He gave the film version of William Inge's *Come Back, Little Sheba* an A, but don't be suspicious. After a thorough search—from the TV series *Sisters* to De La Soul's latest release—I can report that William Inge did not write a review for that issue of EW.

Fearful of their rhapsodies, I wouldn't have asked some middle-aged writers to discuss parts of the body, as *The New York Times Magazine* did recently, especially if grainy black-and-white photos of an unclothed female model were to accompany the text. As things turned out, no one need have worried about an excess of lyricism. Next to a shot of a slightly bent knee—pearly and delicate, with long fingers resting on the thigh—Jane DeLynn wrote about knee surgery, prosthetists and "transplanted ligaments of cows, corpses and one's own body." I'm not sure the *Times*

had corpse ligaments in mind when it photographed a model's beautiful knee. And viewing a shot of her bare, not unbeautiful back, one has many thoughts, but *I wonder if the essayist Phillip Lopate suffers lower-back pain?* is not among them.

All rock reviews

seem to consist

of phrases

pasted up

randomly by the

art department

"Twenty years ago, I started getting lower back pain," Lopate wrote alongside the picture. He described his daily exercises and his "achiness" and remarked, "I could say more, but there is nothing duller than lower back pain." Believe us, Mr. Lopate, we know. He also wrote, "I have often felt the deepest love at just that moment when the beloved turns her back toward me to get some sleep." Or as many a nonessayist has put it, *the ideal woman*

would turn into a pizza right after you boinked.

Commentary, and the neoconservative movement generally, continue to defend objective reality against slack-spined relativism. I think a belief in objective reality is perfectly okay; if it works for you, then that's a choice you have every right to make. But *Commentary's* role in this conflict has suddenly taken a strange form. Charlotte Allen recently reviewed the bestselling *Iron John*, by Robert Bly, the poet who has led the new, Costneresque "men's movement." "For Bly," Allen wrote, "one god is as good as any other, for none exists in the objective world." This is terrible, Allen said, liberal subjectiveness at its worst. Gods *do* exist in the objective world. There *is* such a thing as "transcendent objective reality." The ancient Greeks, for example, "told and retold myths about Zeus not because Zeus was a symbolic name for the 'Zeus energy' inside each of them, as Bly calls it, but because they believed that Zeus existed in the transcendent world, that he was one of the

immortal gods...." Well, either the Greeks were wrong—objectively speaking—or we will soon see Norman Podhoretz make offerings to Hera.

I feel sorry for Craig Whitney, London-bureau chief for the *Times*. Let me amend that. I *don't* feel sorry for Craig Whitney. Every so often the *Times* runs its Turnbull & Asser story, and Whitney drew the assignment this time. The story about the London shirtmaker essentially runs like this: *Bespoke...usually shop at Paul Stuart...Prince Charles...shy American...bespoke...old-world service...Churchill Room...very expensive...bespoke...which way to the House of Lords?* I feel sorry for Whitney because he sounded no less foolish than anyone else who has written on the subject (maybe a little more foolish—the motif of his story was that his chest was too broad for an off-the-rack shirt, but Turnbull & Asser got it right, "the chest 46 inches tapering down to 41½ at the waist"). I *don't* feel sorry for Whitney because his shirts were probably a tax deduction.

In his review in *New York* of *Truth or Dare*, David Denby said Madonna and her supporting cast are "a troupe outside society, not all that different from a wandering band of players in the Renaissance." Reviewing Theodore Draper's book about the Iran-contra affair in the *Times*, Herbert Mitgang called North et al. "the leading players in [a] memorable commedia dell'arte troupe." And in *The New Republic*, reviewing Columbia's Robert Johnson anthology long after it was issued, Russell Banks compared the Delta blues singers of the 1920s and '30s to "medieval jongleurs or Provencal poets." Do we really live in times so similar to the Mediterranean world of several hundred years ago, or are such comparisons just a lazy way to add a bit of pseudolearned historical dash to reviews? Let's make a test: "David Denby is as 'with-it' as a fifteenth-century Venetian beadle." Actually, that's about right. Hail me a gondola. ☞

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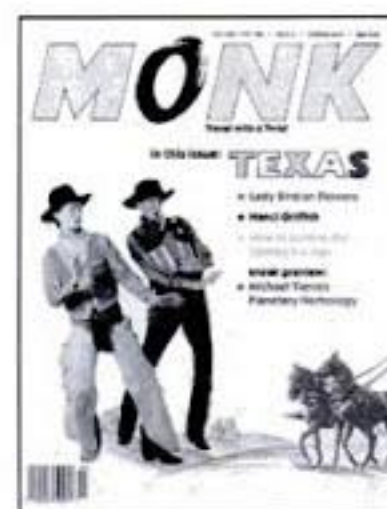
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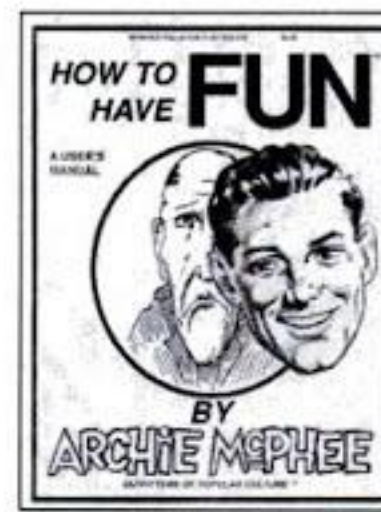
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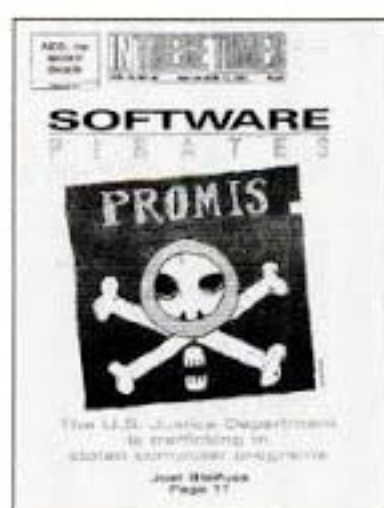
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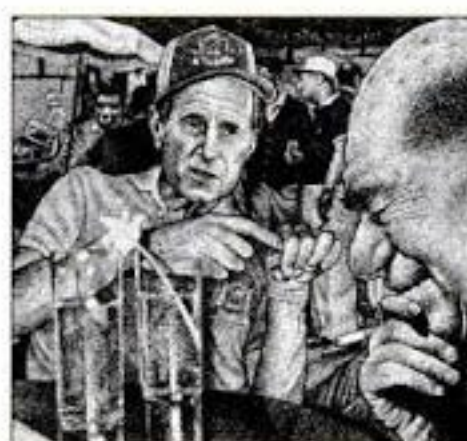
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The Loss Generation

Will the Cash-Rationing Issue
Bankrupt Bushpeople?

by Roy Blount Jr.

I go to my automatic teller and it tells me I can't have all the cash I want, it's short of cash at the moment. Of course it is! The entire banking system is about to fold, and the Republicans are resorting to cash rationing!

Spread the word. Doesn't have to be true—just make them deny it: "The Republican Party is *not* the party of cash rationing!" It's the Democrats' only chance.

Up to now the Democrats have been coming off as Republicans Lite. So my first thought was, *Maybe the Democrats should push it the other way. Try to out-Republican the Republicans.*

If the Republicans can call for 1,000 points of light, the Democrats can call for 100,000. If the Republicans can have a dog in the White House that they sleep and shower and author books with, the Democrats can fondle llamas in the White House and make videos. If the Republicans can bring Russia, Panama, Grenada and Iraq to their knees, the Democrats can do it to China, Angola, Cuba, France and Manhattan. If the Republicans can stop doctors from counseling the poor about legal abortion, the Democrats can stop doctors and lawyers from talking to anyone not employed by a major corporation about anything at all. If the Republicans can produce a VP who hails as "a clean victory" a war in whose aftermath children are dying in the six figures, the Democrats can come up with one who'll describe as "a painless romp" a war in which millions of children...

Then I lost my nerve. There are limits to Republicanism, even. And if you call for too many points of light, the voter might worry that he or she actually has to be one of them.

But I think a lot of people will agree that if these Bushpeople are

going to bring us cash rationing, it's time to get rid of them. And I don't know any way to do it without getting a Democrat elected. Speaker of the House Thomas Foley is second in the line of presidential succession in case of impeachment or autoimmune incapacity, but he hasn't looked like he felt free to have any kind of glint in his eye since minions of the late Lee Atwater insinuated that he liked boys. I'm told he's an old friend of Kitty Kelley's, they both grew up in Spokane; but I don't see how that is going to get the Democrats anywhere.

The Democrats, meanwhile, keep having to deny things: They did *not* want to appease Saddam. They do *not* favor quotas. They do *not* want to solve everything by taxing and spending. Their liberal standard-bearer did *not*, repeat did *not*, realize the police wanted to talk to him about anything so serious as rape.

One thing they can't deny is that they lost the last three presidential elections, and they're well on their way to losing the next one. A hobby of mine is collecting things sportspeople say when they lose, all of



which may be boiled down to something like this: "Everyone in this room is emotionally blown out. We feel disbelief. I can't live with this, and I can't let my players live with it. Just a nightmare. The shock has given way to uncertainty. We did it to ourselves. If I were a fan, I would be so peeved at this team right now. It makes you wonder how good you really are. So much is written about you, and so much is expected, and you don't live up to it. Reality has a way of seeping into your bones the morning after. If ifs and buts were candy and nuts, we'd all have a Merry Christmas. We have some really hard questions to tackle. It's a shame we had to be brought back to reality here at home."

We have, in fact, lost some things during the last several years, including faith in banks. (Hence the move to cash rationing.) But Bushpeople will do just about anything to avoid icky, wonder-where-we-went-wrong talk. They like to kindly and gently lay the onus on others. (This cash rationing is going to be hard to sidestep, though.) Here's the kind of thing Bush likes to say: In his address to Congress after our Gulf victory, he cited footage of Iraqi soldiers coming up out of a bunker and kissing the hands of American soldiers, begging for mercy, and a decently embarrassed GI responding, "You're all right." Lacking, himself, any capacity for decent embarrassment, Bush got misty. That, he told the world as Congress burst vacantly into applause, is the big-hearted voice of America: "You're all right now." We've bombed you till you grovel and your country is preindustrial, and by the way your vicious despot is still in place, and now you're all right, go in peace.

What the heck, maybe we're all right, too. But I don't like the sound of this cash-rationing thing. ☾

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He Looks Great in a Lampshade Too! Everybody's favorite wacky war criminal, General William Westmoreland, clowns around in a coolie hat following a performance of *Miss Saigon* to raise money for humanitarian aid to Vietnam. *Thanks for the memories, Westy!*



Madonna Indoctrination Index: First rosaries, then ziggurat bras, then the studiously-dirty-hair look. And now, as Roseanne Arnold (née Barr) and Sandra Bernhard demonstrate, the newest Madonna-generated trend is the mineral-water bottle as suggestive accessory.



Party POOP

Many attendees of Love Ball 2, the AIDS benefit that encouraged guests to "create their own spectacle," took the organizers at their word and indulged in behavior uncommon to polite society. (1) One model blithely arranged a fellow voguer's, uh, flowers. And (2) 20th Century Fox ultra-guy Barry Diller evidently thought nothing of informing David Geffen that he was seated with insufficiently powerful people and urging him to move to a better—that is, Diller's own—table. Meanwhile, (3) Cindy Crawford and Lady Miss Kier of Deee-Lite pretended to like each other.



At Indochine, *Vogue*'s Elizabeth Saltzman entertained the crowd with two neat party tricks: (1) doing the limbo, Monheit-style; and (2) simulating sexual intercourse with Condé Nast mascot André Leon Talley.

Fiber Optics As has been reported in these pages before, when shiny, stretchy, petroleum-based fibers are pulled tight over spheroid objects (natural *or* unnatural), those spheroid objects emit a kind of phosphorescent sheen. Among those taking advantage of this new attention-getting physics principle in planning their wardrobes are (1) accessories entrepreneur Paloma Picasso; (2) pinup girl Dolly Parton; (3,4) Rachel Hunter (Mrs. Rod Stewart), who likes her luminescence in front *and* in back; (5) conceivably extraterrestrial designer Mary McFadden; (6,7) Mrs. Sean Connery (on two separate occasions); (8) survivor Tina Turner; (9) actress Lisa Collins, whose husband, actor Billy Zane, also went for the articulated-nipple approach; and (10) very snappy dresser Sylvester Stallone.





Who Needs Toothpicks? (1) Palm Beach fright fixture Mollie Wilmot, talking to someone called Prince Dimitri, finds that stiletto fingernails make picking up messy hors d'oeuvres a cinch! (2) Henryk de Kwiatkowski obligingly allows Wilmot to test out her blades by raking his face.



The Little People Good news for the height-impaired! Take a tip from Danny DeVito, a man who is both extremely short and extremely successful: wearing multiple hats (Danny prefers four) adds inches to your stature and your self-esteem.

Though it is highly unlikely that a morsel of food, having fallen from Saul Steinberg's mouth or fork, would ever make it past the beaver-faced mogul's paunch and actually end up on his lap, Steinberg is a man who doesn't take chances; at a New York City Ballet fundraising dinner, he protected his pants by wearing his napkin loincloth-style.



She's the Boss

Standing in the Plaza ballroom with her nine-year-old daughter, Ivanka, top divorcée Ivana Trump, casual in a satin-rhinestone-and-denim ensemble, actually ordered photographers to photograph the child *only in profile*.



"Wouldn't It Be Amusing If We Served Hot Dogs?"

Mrs. Gregory Peck and Lauren Bacall (having her jawline stroked by spokes-model-shoplifter Bess Myerson) load up on the food version of old-fashioned, homespun folk wisdom at a party for *The Will Rogers Follies*.

At the Legal Aid Society dinner honoring Arthur Liman, overpaid Time Warner chairman Steve Ross entertains Senator Daniel Inouye with a silly gesture.



Look What You've Been Missing!



September 1987
THE MEN WHO DEFEND THE MOB
 Do Mafia lawyers—oops, *alleged* Mafia lawyers, that is—really believe they're performing a public service?



October 1988
THE SPY 100
 Our annual roster of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things, topped by Al Sharpton.



August 1989
WHO WAS WHO
 How time travel could really work. The little mogul that couldn't: awful moviemaking with Dino DeLaurentiis.

November 1987

KENNEDY BASHING!
 The unsold story of Chappaquiddick and an interfaith symposium: will Teddy burn in hell?



November 1988

FEUDS!
 Dean & Jerry, Mick & Keith, Mailer & Vidal, and more. The toughest weenie in America: Rudolph Giuliani.



September 1989

VILLAGE IDIOTS
 Henry Kissinger, Mort Zuckerman, Faye Dunaway and other rich-and-famous part-time country mice make glamorous nuisances of themselves.



March 1988
THE FILOFAX GENERATION
 I'm Okay, You're Late: the fetish for personal, prioritized life-style management. Plus, inside Mensa!



January-February 1989
MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON!
 America's Ten Dopeiest Lawmakers—all those in favor, say *dub*. Plus, terminal-impact energies of the stars!



October 1989
THE SPY 100
 Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things.

April 1988

THE NICE ISSUE
 Harold Washington's diet of death. The SPY guide to postmodern everything. The new urban bestiary. Plus, ghostwriters!



March 1989

ISN'T IT IRONIC?
 A straight-faced look at the Irony Epidemic: how everything in the world turned "funny"—from Twister to Twinkies.



May 1988
WELCOME TO RAT CITY!
 They live in our walls, they chew through our sheet metal, they could come up through your toilet: the definitive story on rats.



April 1989
CELEBRITY GARBAGE!
 Coffee grounds of the rich and interoffice memos of the famous—a scientific, sanitary and not at all unseemly investigation.

November 1989

WILD AND CRAZY VIPs!
 SPY goes undercover with Henry Kissinger, Merv Griffin and William F. Buckley Jr. at Bohemian Grove—the establishment's secret two-week frat party!



July-August 1988

PARTY GUYS!
 The First Annual Pro-Am Ironman Nightlife Decathlon. The George Bush briefing book. Plus, return to Grenada!



May 1989

IVANARAMA!
 A special investigative tribute to Ivana Trump, and the good and bad news about cryonics. Plus: the nubbins watch commences!



September 1988
LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE
 Scientific proof that if you move to Los Angeles, you will become Joan Collins. Plus, inside He's pad!



June 1989
LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL
 Real-life Fausts, from Ed Koch to Jackie Onassis, and media zillionaires Norman and Frances Lear. Plus, taste-testing dog food!



December 1989
BUY THIS MAGAZINE OR WE'LL BURN THIS FLAG
 Our spectacular Bill of Rights special, including eleven other ways (besides burning) to desecrate the flag.

January 1990

BUILDING A BETTER CELEBRITY
 SPY's nationwide, statistically valid poll reveals what America wants from its celebrities. Plus, how to talk like George Bush.



February 1990
SPLAT!
 The free-money well runs dry, and Wall Street goes wacko! Plus, gratuitous mime-bashing!

July 1989

SUMMER FUN ISSUE!
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Oval Office Diary

Notes Toward a Nonfiction Novel

TRANSCRIPTION OF GHWB DICTAPHONE RECORDING 021-0791

Hey, uh, Dictaphone, ya hear the one about Salman Rushdie's next book? Got this from Nick Brady. What is Salman Rushdie's--think it was Brady--what is Salman--or maybe I told him--what is Salman Rushdie's--no, yeah, it was Brady--what is Salman Rushdie's next book gonna be called? Big Fat Buddha Motherfucker! Know. Know. Nearly wet my chinos first time I--wait, here's another one, even better. Okay: Guy. And another guy. First guy says to the other guy, "When's the last time that you, uh, had sex?" So the second, the second guy says, "Nineteen forty." Back to the first fella. He says, "That's a long time." And the second--wait, important, the second fella, gotta understand this now, second fella is, oh, Norm Schwarzkopf--and he says, Schwarzkopf, "Well, it's only 2120 now."

Can ya believe it? Okay, uh, on to more historical thoughts. Commencement speaking--sick of it. The other week--Delaware?--gave out night-high-school-equivalentness diplomas. One of those education-president events. Even Yale was--lot of heckling, also from the goddamn media: "What about this Colonel Henderson?" Hey! Not exactly Colonel Naive here, know what's going on--trying to make me say "Skull and Bones." (Checked--we can say it to Dictaphones.) These reporters--just the sort of people that never woulda been tapped. I don't blame Bar for hating that they follow us up to Kennebunkport, and all she wants is to be herself, and so what if she wants to kiss Millie on the lips? It's a private thing, and nobody has to make the evening news for liking it.

Gotta be candid now about the thyroid: don't know why. That Bar has it, and Millie with the dog version--don't read too much into that, even with the kissing and the showering together. Mostly thinking, Got this condition. Why not develop it out into something positive? Got a problem, make a tiny adjustment in the medication--doctor's supervision, of course--and bingo! Castro gets uppity, pencil in some thyroid hyperactivity, Cuba's the 51st state. "Look out, Fidel--reducing the dosage!" Might make a pretty good campaign slogan. "Reelect Bush: he'll lower the dose." Make a note to test that one out on Sig.

Oh, yeah--got back those contact sheets from the photo shoot with that Leibovitz woman, and darn if Sununu isn't in almost every one. Some of 'em you only see part of his face down low behind a deck chair or an umbrella, but I know those cheeks. Didn't want that to happen. Figured when I mentioned--real casual too--that there was a big stamp auction in Sacramento that maybe it would mean all-clear for the session, chief-of-staff-wise. But he's too crafty for me. So Leibovitz might have to come back, which means to heck with Bar and her khakis, I can get back into the presidential-sweatpants mode. Oops, gotta dash. Some more staff want to come in and tell me to dump Sununu.

GHWB: gk
July 1991

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